

X I M E N A:  
OR, 1606 | 65.

The Heroick Daughter.

A

T R A G E D Y.

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Written by Mr. CIBBER.

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*Face nuptiali  
Digna, & in omne Virgo  
Nobilis Ævum.*

HOR.

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D U B L I N:

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TO THE  
READER.



**T**HE Cid of Monsieur Corneille (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made such an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of Europe, that were I to be wholly silent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken, in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reason or Nature: But I hope I shall stand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not insensible what vast Odds will be offer'd against me, while I am entring the Lists with so fam'd an Author as Corneille: but that shall not discourage me; for I look upon Truth in an Argument to be, like Courage in a Combat, the best Advantage a Man can have over his Antagonist: 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never so obscure, if I am in the Right, his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder, than that a Watchman's plain Staff should foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

BUT I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the *Theatre* some Insight into the Merit and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators, who find themselves unaccountably pleas'd with a pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reason to be so.

IT may perhaps be expected, I should offer some Excuse for not publishing this Piece till seven Years after its first Appearance on the Stage; and you will probably answer, I had as good have said nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleness, or Indifference: For it having done my Busines, when acted, I confess I wanted the modern Appetite for Fame, which Authors usually think follows them into the Country after Publication. But if I had any real Cause to defer it, it was from an Observation I had made, that most of my Plays (except the first, *The Fool in Fashion*) had a better Reception from the Publick, when my Interest was no longer concern'd in them; I therefore suppos'd this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it: And I hope I may be allow'd the honest Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Cost) so many Facts to support it— Every Auditor, whose Memory will give him leave, cannot but know, that *Richard the Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakespear*, did not raiſe me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for several Years since it has seldom, or never, failed of a crowded Audience— *The Fox's Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*; who, it seems, had so much Wit in their Limbs, that they fore'd the Town to see it, till it laugh'd it self into their good Graces— *The Kind Impostor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, though it has ſince brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then disappointed of as Author— Twas at first a moot Point, whether the *Careleſ Husband* ſhould live or die; but the Houſes it has ſince fill'd have reproach'd the former Coldneſs of its Auditors— *The Wife's Reſentment* is another, though not an equal, Instance of the ſame Nature.

BUT not to take the Particularity of this Treatment wholly to my ſelf, I confess it has ſometimes been the Fate of the better Authors: Nor ought we ſo much to wonder at it, if we conſider, that there is in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any thing, with ſo much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the lavish Applauſe, which is uſually heap'd upon his first

Labours,

Labours, is not perhaps so entirely owing to their real Admiration of the Work it self, as the mean Pleasure they take in swelling him up to rival the Reputation of others, who have writ well before him: If he succeeds in a first Play, let him look well to the next; for then he is enter'd the Herd as a Common Enemy, and is to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy than the rest of his Brethren: Of which nothing can be a stronger Instance, than the Torrent of Applause that was deservedly thrown in upon *The Old Bachelor*, and the boisterous Cavils that the next Year unreasonably over-run the same Author's Play of *The Double Dealer*: And I am apt to believe, that after the Success of *The Funeral*, it was the same Caprice that deserted *The Tender Husband*; and that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

WHEN the *Heroick Daughter* was first acted, I had the Curiosity (not having then any Part in it) sometimes to slip unseen into the Side-Boxes, where I met with the highest Mixture of Pleasure and Mortification: The Pleasure was in observing the Generality of the Audience in a silent, fix'd Attention, never failing, by their Looks or Gestures, to discover those pleasing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would arise from so elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dress'd merry-making Criticks, who call themselves *The Town*, whose private Wit was continually insulting the publick Diversion, by their waggish Endeavours to burlesque every thing, which seem'd to have a serious Effect on their Neighbours; and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who stood with his Hat over his Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmost Insults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, some of the same Persons (which had like to have made me laugh) came, and wish'd me Joy of its Success. But I have since seen frequent Instances, that the same sort of Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with some leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been of-

ten known, by their overbearing manner of Applause, to make a wretched sickly Play stand stoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together : But (as in mine, and most Cases) when they are not so engag'd and marshal'd, they naturally run Riot into Mischief and Cruelty. Upon the whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage was so invidious a Task : and as it was with great Reluctance that I from hence resolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, so I found it necessary (while I was a Player at least) not to put People of mere Pleasure and Fortune in mind, that I durst pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Masters of : And if, in breach of this Resolution, I have since attempted, in the *Non-Juror*, to expose the Enemies of our Constitution and Liberties, it was because I knew the Friends of the Government would secure me a fair Hearing, and from all such Apprehensions of being disturb'd by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres* : not but I flatter my self, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair Play in the Characters of Sir John Woodville and Charles, who were no where shewn in a contemptible Light ; and, I hope, it was no great Malice to make them amiable in their Conversion— If therefore I have not justly accounted for the Neglect, or Discouragement, which most of my other Plays met with at first, I shall, however, beg leave of the World to comfort my self, with supposing, that their present Success is now, one way or other, owing to their Merit : But I have rambled too far from my first Design, which was to give you

*An EXAMEN of the Cid and the Heroick Daughter.*

**T**H E great Beauties of the *French Play* are, in the tender Compassion that rises from the Misfortunes of the two Lovers *Rodrigue* and *Chimene* ; but should we not be much more sensible of their Distress, if before we saw them unfortunate, we were first rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Persons and Virtues : They may indeed, as in

the

the *Cid*, move us simply as Lovers; but as such Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly strike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this point *Corneille* seems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Conversation between *Chimene* and her *Suivante*, whom *Chimene* desires to repeat what Reason she had to suppose the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favour'd Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival *Don Sanchez*. By the way she owns, in the same Scene, she has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a necessary Fact, nothing is so common, as to make some Person in the Play improbably desirous to hear it over again. A poor Shift! we see through it, 'tis lazy—he could not but know, that *Artis est celare Artem*. After *Chimene* is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Person most worthy of her, she thinks the News too good to be true, and is still (though she can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing; and so quaintly walks off, to as little purpose as she came on.

In all this Scene *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment, that can possibly draw to her the least Esteem from the Audience; we only as yet see her a marriageable young Woman, that is willing to have a Husband—A poor setting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is less faultily manag'd, for he never appears till he enters at once into his Distress of being oblig'd to revenge the Blow his Father had just receiv'd, upon the Father of his Mistres, who gave it. This Incident is doubtless of uncommon Beauty; but had we been better acquainted with the Merit and Dignity of his Passion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occasion, our Imagination would have had a much higher Alarm at the first Sight of them; and this was palpably evident, from the different Surprize his sudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter at London*, to what I observ'd it had in the same Scene of the *Cid*, when acted at *Paris*.

In the English Play more Care is taken to make the Audience sure, the Son brings with him the highest Sentiments of Courage, Love, and Honour, that must make a sensible Heart tremble at the immediate Distress, in which his first Appearance shews him involved.

THE second Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is secretly in love with *Rodrigue*; but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, she resolves to sacrifice her Passion to her Glory; and, in order to it, uses her utmost Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is something so romantick, so cold, and inactive in this Episode, and so very little conducive to the main Design, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and supply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Belzara*, to whom I have given a more natural Interest to advance the Marriage of *Ximena*, which is to make Don *Sanchez* (whom *Belzara* is contracted to) despair of her. *Corneille* seems, even in this Scene too, to have lost a fair Occasion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, in no part of it, mentions the least Motive to her Passion for him, unless that he is a *Jeune Cavalier*.

THE next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Mistress, and this is the first Scene of the *Cid*, that is made use of in the *Heroick Daughter*: This Quarrel seems too sudden and unprepar'd, and wants the Terror that would naturally arise from it, if, as I observ'd, the Audience were possessed with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whose approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give, by the Preparation of a whole first Act in *The Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrow'd, and previous to the first opening Beauties of the *Cid*: The Heroick Obligations that have passed between the two Lovers (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*) before they secretly entertain, or publickly avow, their Passion: The gentle manner of *Ximena's* first softening the Prejudice of *Alvarez*, the solemn Interposition of the King, to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Passion, and consequently to move the Audience with a quicker Sense of their ensuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only shewn, in their mere lawful Desire of being virtuous Bedfellows.

THOUGH

THOUGH Terror seems the Favourite Passion of Corneille, and what he usually paints in much more lively Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture, that ruins the Happiness of these Lovers, loses half its Force and Beauty, for want of Art or Pains in preparing it: For Terror must certainly rise in proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conspicuous: and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

BUT besides all this, the Quarrel itself seems an Accident merely arising from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in a friendly Conclusion of their Childrens Marriage, as their so unforeseen and violent Enmity: And though Surprise is a necessary Part of Tragedy, yet that Surprise is never to be abrupt; for when it is so, it is more apt to shock than delight us: we do not love to be startled into a Pleasure. As an Audience ought never to be wholly let into the secret Design of a Play, so they ought not to be intirely kept out of it; you may safely leave room for the Imagination to guess at the nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to surprize them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the second Act of Dryden's *All-for Love*, where *Mark Anthony* seems confirm'd in his Resolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once consents to expostulate with her in Person, though you easily foresee the Contest is to end to her Advantage, yet you are far from losing the Pleasure of your Surprise, while it is so artfully executed: nay, you have a further Delight, from the private Applause you give to your own Judgment, in so rightly foreseeing the Conclusion; and to this Reason may be attributed the Success of most Allegorical Writings— But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you see— What? why, that the hopes of the young Couple's Wedding are all blown up: like enough, but the Audience have as yet no great Reason to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Besides, the Scene is half over before you

you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can signify: so that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either lost, or in pain, till the Author explains himself; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leisure to look so far back for the Propriety of what's past; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or else what you have seen is but an Interruption to what you are to see; the Case of many a modern Play. This Laziness, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair Play for his Money; it will not let him see all the Play, nor is it enough to say, the Scene is notwithstanding natural—If you cannot say it has Art, as well as Nature, you praise it but by halves.

I CANNOT omit another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is so insolent, fierce, and turbulentlly vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject: Nor will his being a Spaniard excuse it, they are all Spaniards in the Play; and though a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not, by that Rule, to shew a Frenchman dancing, or a Dutchman drunk in a Tragedy. In short, he is a mere *Miles Gloriosus*, and makes so disagreeable a Figure, that we have muchado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Ximene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it necessary, in higher Justification of her Sorrows and Virtue, to make him more civiliz'd and rational in the *Heroick Daughter*; his honourable and open Reconcilement to *Alvarez*; his generous Compassion for the Distress of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Necessity of fighting him; his Humanity and Honour (in case he fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience, as well as *Ximena*, a more justifiable Regret for the Loss of him—The only Reason Corneille seems to have for making him so brutal, is to introduce an unreasonable Quarrel, from whence all the distress of the Play was to rise. I have likewise attempted to remove that Objection, by grounding the Jealousy and Resentment of the Count upon the subtle Insinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (though dishonourable) Interest of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obstruct her Marriage with *Carlos*. This Expedient

dient I thought would make the Count more excusable in his violent Measures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whose Character here may better endure it.

THE next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge, which is deliver'd with so vaunting a Boast by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he thought it first prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the Behaviour of the Count, he seems to have carry'd his point: for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleasantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue's* Presumption, in calling him to an Account. In short, they debate so heartily, that you begin to lose your Apprehension of its coming to Mischief; for even after they seem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is resolv'd to have t'other Chance for resuming the Debate, and says briskly to *Rodrigue* — *Art thou so weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expose the absurdity of the Question, than the shrewd Answer which is made to it, viz. *What are you afraid to die?* There is Reason in the Answer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Question.

THIS sort of Behaviour I could not be reconciled to, and have taken the liberty, in the first six Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined. And though I could not allow them to expostulate, while their Courage was only in question; yet I could not help thinking the Lover, in some part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or two to the Terrors of his Mistress, and the certain Misery his Honour was then going to reduce her to: which would have been still unquestionable, though his Regard to her had here shewn its last Effort, to right his Injuries with a bloodless Reparation: For though he had before debated himself into a Resolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural than to see Love turn back, and back again, for another last Adieu. I shall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene itself, as the shortest way of explaining how I have conducted it — When the Place of Meeting is just going to be appointed, *Carlos* stops short — and says to the Count,

*One Moment's Respite for Ximena's sake,  
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her :  
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,  
May pity her Distress, and pause to save her.  
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,  
Since, with its Vengeance, her sure Woes are blended ;  
O ! lay not on her Innocence the Grief  
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood !  
O ! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears,  
Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,  
And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.*

To all which, when the Count is immovable, and grows at last impatient of his Reproaches ; then *Carlos* recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows —

*O ! give me back that vile submissive Shame,  
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,  
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance ;  
Yet no — withhold it ! take it, to acquit my Love,  
That Sacrifice was to Ximena due :  
Her helpless Sufferings claim'd that Pang ; and since  
I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,  
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieu,  
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace :  
Farewell, dear injur'd Softness — Follow me.*

AFTER the Place of Meeting is appointed, *Carlos* troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

*Poor Ximena —*

Which had so compassionate an Effect upon our English Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakness, it was at least such a one, as they heartily forgave him.

THE next Scene of the *Infanta* (who is always dropping in, like cold Water upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reason again left out ; our Difference otherwise is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being killed by *Rodrigue* ; which is so slightly related, or to use *Corneille*'s own words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and received with so little Surprize or Curiosity, to know any Circumstances of the Action, that, upon my first reading the French Play, I scarce knew whether I was to be —

believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavoured, in *The Heroick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more solemn and particular, and to prepare the probability of the *Catastrophe*, which I shall better account for in its Place: But in the last Scene of this Second Act it must be allowed, the *Cid* begins to seize upon the Heart of the Spectator; and this is one of those great Beauties that have so justly given rise to its Fame. The fluctuating Pity, that is so finely perplexed between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father; the happy Skill of throwing them both, in the same Instant, at the King's Feet for Justice and Mercy, and with Pretensions so equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Antient or Modern, can boast of. The only liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the Father plead with more Resignation, and rather to trust his Cause to its simple Merits, than those of his own past Services.

THE next Act opens with *Rodrigue's* appearing in the Apartment of his Mistress; where he lessens his Character, by justifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the same Servant *Elvire*, she throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Sense of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcusable to hear; besides, the main Action cools in the Conversation. This is avoided in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making *Belzara* the third Person in these two Scenes, who has an Interest in serving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or dishonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we have justly found fault with.

THE meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderness that is irresistible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Assurance of being immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is something so amiable in the Despair of *Rodrigue*, in his natural Disregard of his Safety, for the restless Pleasure of seeing his Mistress; and we are apt to be so seized with the instant Idea of her tender Passion breaking through her filial Obligations to pursue him, that at the first sight of them it is impossible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the most agreeable Transport and Astonishment:

nishment : And since the Incident is *Corneille's*, and not mine, it may be no Vanity to say, this Effect was evident from the Hurry and busy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its first Presentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflection on our *English* Taste, to suppose we could be less sensible than our Neighbours of so palpable an Excellence : For *Corneille*, speaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, say,

*Qu'alors que ce malheureux amant se presentoit devant elle, il s'elevoit un certain Fremissement dans l' Assemblée, qui marquoit une Curiosité merveilleuse, & un redoublement d' Attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à se dire dans un estat si pitoyable.*

But allowing it all this Admiration, I have some Reasons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Heroick Daughter*, is not implicitly form'd upon the Model of that in the *Cid*. I cannot but think, that *Rodrigue's* entring with an Answer to the last words of *Chimene*, must be unnatural, if you don't suppose him to have listened at the Door to her private Discourse; and though 'tis possible most of our modish Criticks may own they would have listened in his condition, yet that is no Proof that List'ning, especially in another Person's House, is not always the Effect of Meanness, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reasonable to let him approach her in a mute submissive Address, and, to give him time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Astonishment the moment she sees him : *Corneille*, after some fine Touches of their Distress, suffers him to proceed in Excuse of his Offence; in which he seems too fond of shewing the Man of Honour, and the harsh Terms he uses, in his Justification, are too choquant for the Ear of an injur'd Mistress. These are his words,

*" Car enfin ne attens pas de mon Affection,*

*" Un lâche repentir d'une borne Action ?*

And a little farther;

*" Je le ferois encore, si j'avois à le faire.*

This last Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughter*, and the first are soften'd, by only saying,

" — How shall I repent me of a Crime,  
" Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy Scorn ?

I HAVE endeavour'd, in the same Speech, to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the Regard he had to her Peace, in first endeavouring to reduce her Father into a Temper, that might have ended their Difference with a less fatal Reparation ; and it seems to heighten the Distress of Ximena, when you see her Heart is full, and conscious of the Obligation.

AFTER Chimene has answer'd his Plea, in the most sublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to pursue him for her Father's Death, Rodrigue insists, that her own Hand alone ought to satisfy her Vengeance : I have here made bold to shorten their Arguments upon this Point, which seem a little too near the romantick, and have substituted one, which I thought more agreeable to Nature; where Carlos says,

*Let not the Wretch, once honour'd with thy Love,  
Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy Arms,  
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Justice,  
To draw the irksome Pity of a Crowd,  
Who may, with vulgar Reason, call thee cruel ;  
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,  
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance.*

BUT the greatest Omission in this Scene, is that Chimene so far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not so much as his word of Honour, that Rodrigue shall appear to answer his Crime to the Law ; she is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and, on that account, only desires him to leave her ; her last Concern, when they part at the end of the Scene, is,

" — *Et sur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te voye.*

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Intrigue : I have therefore endeavoured to give her a better Reason for releasing him ; when he reproaches her with want of Love, in refusing his Desire to fall by her Hand, she replies —

*Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this ?*

*Art thou not now within my power to seize !*

*Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy Word ;*

*Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon*

*Before*

*Before the King, in Person, thou wilt answer,  
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.*

I DO not see how the Scene could possibly be laid to have a just Conclusion, but by this mutual Discharge of their Duty for the present: And when *Carlos* had given his Honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuse for the Tenderness they fall into; which though the Reader must be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the *Spectator*.

THE next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandering up and down alone in search of his Son; a very slender Mark of his Wisdom, and puts one in mind of a vulgar Saying — *To look for a Needle, &c.* — Nay, he does all this, though he has Five Hundred Friends in his House (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cause of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuse appears for his leaving them alone, or why some do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himself) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and quaint Antitheses, that would be much prettier in an Epigram — At last he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the loss of his Mistress, tells him there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him shew the Greatness of his heart, in shaking off its weakness for her. This seems unpardonable, and stains the Character of the Father; for to suppose him capable of changing his Mistress, takes away half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour: which, had he not inviolably loved her had only shewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Answer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great which it might easily be when he had so dishonourable a thought to oppose; so that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might say, unnatural. This Scene seems extremely cold, after the Spirit and warm Passion in the preceeding one; Care should be always taken, in such Cases, not to suffer the Attention to languish, but (as *Horace* says — *Semper ad eventum festinet*) when the Subject will not suffer

suffer us to exceed what is gone before, we should at least keep our Hearers awake, by being busy about new Matter and Action, plainly necessary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that seems useful in this Scene, is the last Speech of it, which is the only one that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter*; There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own House, where his Son may be supposed, with more probability, to come to him: But *Corneille* honestly tells us, in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reason why he did not bring on *Don Diegue*, with his Friends about him, was because those Personages are generally supply'd by awkward Fellows and Candle-Snuffers.—A miserable Sign of the Lowness of the French Theatre, when so great an Author is forc'd to restrain his fancy, and to commit an Absurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage.—But this not being our Case here, I had the liberty of Writing as well as I could. After *Corneille* has done his Scene, I have given the Son a Soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compassion of the Audience; if your Curiosity is as warm as my Vanity could wish it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

THE two last Acts of the *Cid*, though in Nature they may be finely written, lose half their Force for want of Art: All those great Sentiments which *Chimene* utters to the *Infanta*, in the beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for she is not only arguing her Case with one that has nothing to do with it, but she is merely talking while she should be doing. We are impatient for the Issue of her Appeal to the King, and it is no Excuse to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter stops her by the way, when it was in the Poet's Choice to have sent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean time.—In short, the Author seems to want matter for two Acts more, and is reduc'd to these Shifts, to give the Audience full Measure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole first Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of consequence transfers the Third Act of the French Play into the Fourth of the English; by which Expedient,

dient, the necessary Matter of the two last Acts of the one, are easily contain'd in the single Fifth Act of the other.

THE next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's solemn Reception of *Rodrigue*, after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be ever so justly due to the Merit of the Action, yet, *Non nunc erat his locus*; all this moves us not, and might have been suppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Busines of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter*.

BESIDES, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, must either lessen the Action, or his Character—Any Friend, who was a Well-wisher to his Interest, must certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made *Alonzo* give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd, if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might, at the same Instant, see the new Conflict it must naturally raise between her Passion and her Duty: For though the King is in the Play the Person most concern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is most concern'd that *Ximena* should hear it, and it offends not either Manners or Probability, that the King is suppos'd to have heard it before.

WHEN *Ximena* returns to Court for Justice, the King, in hopes to appease her, has a mind first to make a Discovery of her Passion, and cunningly tells her, that her Desire of Vengeance is answer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds: At which *Chimene* fainting, his Majesty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd she has no mind to hurt him—This *Finesse* is needless, and ill becomes the Gravity of the Subject; there is nothing of it in the *Heroick Daughter*.

WELL! when all will not do, when she finds it is so hard to make the King more sensible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, it is indeed Time to make her lose her Senses; for then, poor Lady! she demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falshood to the Assistance of her Duty, by proposing her Person as a Reward to any Gentleman, that would be the Champion of her Cause, if he prov'd victorious: This is sacrificing her Passion to her Duty with a vengeance.

What

What an unconfutable Figure would she have made, if Nobody had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well she knew she was handsome, or that might really have been the Case. But to be serious—

I THOUGHT it much more decent and natural, when she was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occasion of stepping in to her Assistance; 'tis he, therefore, that, in *Ximena's* Name, demands the Combat; and that she might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the least Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to disguise the Motive to it with his pretended Friendship for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and the necessary Orders about it, conclude the fourth Act of the *Cid*.

THE fifth A&t begins with *Rodrigue's* abruptly visiting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuse, before he was going to the Lists. And though, in her first Words, she pretends to be shock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no notice of it, but goes on with his Busineſs, and she as insensibly sinks into Mildness and Temper to hear it. Here they seem too declamatory and romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid, by giving a more Spirited Turn to the Passions, and reducing them nearer to common Life; and the Expedient, that introduces the Interview itself, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable Foundation: For to make these two Acts into one, in the *Heroick Daughter*, it was but to contrive this Scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the Stage vacant; which is effected by the King's giving *Carlos* leave to take his Farewel of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat: And thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belzara* is present, and in the Court, seems more excusable, than her receiving his Visit in open Day, in her private Apartment. And that your Patience might not languish, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and though you see nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which, upon every distant Sound of the Trumpet, she is differently thrown into. And I have always observ'd, that when any thing of moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon

the Actors in sight, it seems to give a double Delight to the Audience. This Incident is intirely my own, and yet, I flatter my self, not the least artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez*, from the Combat too, is here prepar'd with such Circumstances, as might more probably lead *Ximena* into the Mistake of his being the Victor; but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making the Infanta's melancholy Passion break into the warmest Connection of the Story; and *Chimene* too, for want of having her Imagination stirr'd with such various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory Account of her Calamities, which, in a last Act, ever forfeits the Attention.

AFTER the Combat, she accosts the King with a long Argument, on a Supposition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein she begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez* as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her Fortune, which she is willing to settle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided she may have leave to dispose of her Person in a Nunnery— All this the King hears without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue*'s being alive, which is not only improbable, but needless carries her Mistake farther than it will bear, to be beautiful. In the *Heroick Daughter*, the very Instant she hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Mistake; which prevents that odd Project of compremizing the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer sooner into Matter of more Importance. The King too here is only an Advocate, not a Tyrant, for *Carlos*; and *Ximena*, having made no Promise to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty; which, in the *Cid*, the absolute Power of the King would impose on her. But here he is so tender of her Virtue, that he even suffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without leave— And now we come to the last Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Resolution, not to trust her Love in sight of him that had killed her Father, but to shut her Sorrows from the World in a Cloister. And I am of Opinion, it was impossible, under such Misfortunes, to dispose of her otherwife, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtue. Well! but though you grant me this, we are here still at a loss; this

this can be no absolute Conclusion of the Play, the Matter stands just as it did three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then, and all we have done with them since comes to no more. *Corneille* seems to be plung'd in this Difficulty, and, in my humble Opinion, had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with so wretched a Violation of *Chimene's* Character: In short, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her leave, for Decency's sake, to be virtuous a Year longer; but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and she tacitly consents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father: As if a dishonourable Action could be justify'd, by our staying a Year before we commit it.

THERE seem'd therefore to me but one way, in nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the fundamental Cause of their Separation: If therefore, without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I see no Reason why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happiness. By this Expedient their Story is instructive, and these Heroick Lovers stand at last two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now time to conclude.

NOTWITHSTANDING all our critical Amendments, it must be allow'd, that the first Happiness of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject; without that, his Art and Genius are but misemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more, than my not being a sufficient Master of Style, that could make *The Heroick Daughter* less successful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewise owing to the Subject, of which, perhaps, the chief Characters are too severely virtuous for the Homespun Morals of our *English* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero must be virtuous, even to Romance, or he is insufferable: but Good-Nature is so distinguishing a Characteristick of the *English*, that the *French* have no Word to express it; and the Persons that *We* often pity in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be hanged by Poetical Justice. But we are so tender-hearted, that let the Characters of our Tragedies be ever so criminal, yet if you can but make them penitent

and miserable, resign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Handkerchiefs of a whole Audience shall be wet with their Mistortunes. This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preserv'd*; where *Jaffier*, after having been a Conspirator against his Country from a private Revenge, after his betraying that Conspiracy, and the Life of his dearest Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife, whom his Weakness could not resist, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at last, and dies surrounded with their Compassion: I am therefore convinc'd, that criminal Characters, so artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameless; and, perhaps, 'tis the Narrowness of the *French* Genius, that would never let their best Authors attempt to raise Compassion upon such bold and natural Foundations. But, on the other side, it would be hard to infer from hence that Characters, nearer to Perfection, ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are most to be pity'd, when they are least able to resist them: I cannot therefore but insist, that the *Cid* has all the Greatness, Dignity, and Distress in the Subject that Tragedy requires; and though it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taste, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour, in the highest Instances of Selt-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature. Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not unnatural to be virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than of those who owe their Distress to their immediate criminal Conduct. But I am, notwithstanding, willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius sets himself to work, there may justly be room for Success upon either Foundation.

# PROLOGUE.

A Soft, in form'd Assemblies of the Fair,  
The strait-lac'd Prude will no loose Passion bear,  
Beyond set Bounds, no Lover must address,  
But secret Flame in distant Sighs express;  
Yet if by Chance some gay Coquette sails in,  
A joyous Murmür breaks the silent Scene;  
Each Heart reliev'd by her enliv'ning Fire,  
Feels easy Hope, and unconfin'd Desire:  
Then shuddering Prudes, with secret Envy burn,  
And treat the Fops, they could not catch, with Scorn.  
So Plays are valu'd, not confin'd to Rules,  
Those Prudes, the Criticks call them, Feasts for Fools;  
And if an Audience ainst those Rules is warm'd,  
Or by the lawless Force of Genius charm'd,  
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd:  
Then every Feature's false, though ne'er so taking,  
The Heart's deceiv'd, though 'tis with Pleasure aking;  
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable:  
Thus far'd it with the Cid of Fam'd Corneille.  
In France 'twas charg'd with Faults were past enduring,  
But still had Beauties, that were so alluring,  
It rais'd the Envy of the Grave Richieu,  
And, spite of his Remarks, cramm'd Houses drew:  
Of this Assertion, if the Truth you'll know,  
Two Lines will prove it from the Great Boileau:  
En vain contre le Cid un Ministre se ligue,  
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.  
In vain against the Cid the Statesman arms,  
Paris with Rodrick feels Ximena's Charms.  
This proves, when Passion throughly wrought appears,  
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Tears:  
Yet think not, from what's said, we Rules despise,  
To raise your Wonder from Absurdities.  
As France improv'd it from the Spanish Pen,  
We hope, now British, 'tis improv'd again:  
And though lost Tragedy has long seem'd dead,  
Yet having lately rais'd her awful Head;  
To-night, with Pains and Cost, we humbly strive  
To keep the Spirit of that Taste alive:

*But if, like Phaeton, in Corneille's Carr,  
Th' unequal Muse unhappily should err;  
At least you'll own from glorious Heights she fell,  
And there's some Merit in attempting well.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

*Don Ferdinand, King of Castile.*

*Don Alvarez, his late General, and Father of Don Carlos.*

*Don Gormaz, Count of Gormaz, the present General, and  
Father of Ximena.*

*Don Carlos, in love with Ximena.*

*Don Sanchez, his secret Rival, tho' lately betroth'd to  
Belzara.*

*Don A'onzo, } Officers of the Court.  
Don Garcia,*

### W O M E N.

*Ximena, Daughter to Gormaz.*

*Belzara, her Friend, forsaken by Don Sanchez.*

### The S C E N E,

*The Royal Palace in Seville.*

THE



# THE Heroick Daughter.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

Alvarez and Carlos.

*Alv.* ALLIANCE ! ha ! and with the Race of  
*Gormaz* !

My mortal Foe ! The King enjoins it, saidst  
thou ?

Let me not think thou couldst descend to  
ask it :

Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes  
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd ;  
Since I, to Age, have stood his Hate unmov'd,  
Be not thou vanquish'd by her Female Wiles,  
Nor stain thy Honour with insulted Love.

*Car.* O taint not with so hard a Thought her Vertues !  
Which she has prov'd sincere from Obligations :  
'Tis, to her Suit, I owe my late Advancement.  
You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword  
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive ;  
For which, at her Return to Court, she swell'd  
The Action, with such Praises, to the King,  
He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it :  
She, conscious of our Houses Hate, surpriz'd,

And

And yet disdaining that her Heart should fall  
 In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,  
 Warm'd, with th' Occasion, begg'd his Royal Favour  
 Would rank me, in the Field, the next her Father.  
 The King comply'd, and with a Smile insisted,  
 That, from her own fair Hand, I should receive  
 The Grace. This forc'd me then to visit her :  
 To say what follow'd from our Interview,  
 Might tire, at least, if not offend your Ear.

*Alv.* Not so, my *Carlos*, but proceed.

*Car.* In brief;

The Queen, who now, in highest Favour, holds  
 The fair *Ximena*, soon perceiv'd our Passion,  
 Approv'd, and cherish'd it ; our Houses Discord  
 She knew, of old, had often shook the State ;  
 Whereon she kindly to the King propos'd  
 This happy Union, as the sole Expedient,  
 To cure those Wounds, and fortify his Throne :  
 Nay she, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,  
 Chiefly to that Regard resigns her Heart.  
 O ! she disclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,  
 And builds no Merit but on stable Virtue.

*Alv.* If so, I should indeed applaud her Spirit.

*Car.* Oh ! had you search'd her Soul, like me, you would  
 Repose your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.

*Alv.* On thee, at least, I'm sure I may ; I know  
 Thou lov'st thy Honour équal to *Ximena*,  
 And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,  
 Keep but that Union sacred.—

*Car.* When I break it,  
 May your Displeasure, and *Ximena*'s Scorn,  
 Unite their Force, to torture me with Shame :  
 But see ! she comes ! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you !

[*Ximena enters.*

Mark her Concern, the Softness of her Fear,  
 O'ercast with Doubt, and Diffidence to meet you ;  
 One gentle Word from you would chace the Cloud,  
 And let forth all the Lustre of her Soul.

*Alv.* Hail ! fair *Ximena*—beauteous Brightness, hail !  
 Propitious be this Meeting to us all,

With

With equal Joy and Wonder I survey thee :  
How lovely's Vertue in so bright a Form !  
Thy Father's Fierceness all is lost to thee ;  
Well have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houses Jars,  
And calm'd the Tempests that have wreck'd our Peace,  
What we, with false Resentments, but inflam'd,  
Thy nobler Virtues have appeas'd with Honour.

Xim. These Praises from another Mouth, my Lord,  
Might dye these glowing Cheeks with Crimson Shame,  
But as they flow thus kindly from Alvarez,  
From the Heroick Sire of my Deliverer ;  
As you bestow them, my exulting Heart,  
Though undeserv'd, receives with Joy the Sound :  
But for those Virtues you ascribe to me,  
Alas ! they are but copy'd all from thence.

Carlos, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,  
Compassionate — I am at best but grateful —  
Cou'd I be less reduc'd with Obligations ?  
Cou'd I retain our Houses antient Hate,  
When Carlos' Deeds so greatly had forgot it ?  
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds should never end,  
It wou'd have chose some other Arm to save me :  
But if its kinder Providence decrees  
Ximena's yielded Heart shou'd cure those Ills,  
And bind our Passions in the Chains of Peace ;  
Be witness that all-gracious Heaven ! I've gain'd  
The End, the Haven of my Hopes on Earth,  
And fill'd the proudest Sails of my Ambition.

Alv. O Carlos ! Carlos ! we are both subdu'd !  
Where can such heav'nly Sweetness find a Foe ?  
What Gormaz may resolve, his Heart can tell,  
But mine no longer can resist such Virtue ;  
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakness,  
And wrong Ximena to insult Alvarez :  
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory,

[He joins their Hands.]

That I surrender to his Daughter's Merit  
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give ;  
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.

[Don Sanchez and Alonzo observing them.]

No

28 The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

No Thanks, my Fair; for both, or neither, are  
Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,  
Let Love and mutual Gratitude repay.

D. San. Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins their  
Hands!

*Alon.* Forbear! is this a Time for Jealousy?

D. San. Thou, that hast Patience then, relieve  
my Torture.

*Car.* O *Ximena*! how my Heart's oppres'd with Shame?  
Thou giv'st me a Confusion equal to  
My Joy; I yet am laggard in my Duty,  
I must despair to reach with equal Virtues  
Dread *Gormaz*' Heart, as thou hast touch'd *Alvarez*.

*Xim.* That Hope we must to Providence resign;  
The King intends this Day to sound his Temper,  
Which, tho' severe, I know is generous,  
In Honour great, as in Resentments warm,  
Fierce to the Proud, but to the Gentle yielding;  
The Goodness of *Alvarez* must subdue him.

*Alon.* My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.

*Alv.* Sir, I attend his Majesty—I thank you.

*Xim.* Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Presence?

*Alon.* Madam, I left him with the King this Instant,  
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.

*Xim.* 'Twas his Command I should attend him there.

*Alv.* Come, fair *Ximena*, if thy Father's Ear

Inclines, like mine, unprejudic'd to hear:

His Hate subdu'd, will Publick Good regard,

And crown thy Virgin Virtues with Reward.

[Ex. *Alv.* *Car.* *Xim.*

*D. San.* Help me, *Alonzo*, help me, or I sink,  
Th' Oppression is too great for Nature's Frame,  
And all my Manhood reels beneath the Load:  
O Rage! O Torment of successless Love!

*Alon.* Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,  
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, despis'd it;  
But since your Hopes are blasted in their Bloom,  
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,  
Forget the Folly, and resume your Reason:  
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,

Return

## The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 29

Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Belzara*.

*D.San.* Why dost thou still obstruct my Happiness,  
And thwart the Passion that has seiz'd my Soul?  
A Friend should help a Friend in his Extremes,  
And not create, but dissipate his Fears.  
'Tis true, I see *Ximena's* Heart is given,  
But then her Person's in a Father's Power;  
He, I've no cause to fear, will slight my Offers.  
Thou know'st th' Aversion that he bears *Alvarez*,  
Bats, like a Rock, her Wishes from their Harbour:  
While *Carlos* has a Fear, shall I despair?  
Has not the Count his Passions too to please,  
And will he starve his Hate to feed her Love?  
May I not hope he rather may embrace  
The fair Occasion of my timely Vows,  
To torture *Carlos* with a sure Despair,  
And force *Ximena* to assist his Triumph?  
Nay she, perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,  
In Pride of Vertue may resist her Love,  
Suppress the Passion, and resign to Duty.

*Alon.* Why will you tempt such Seas of wild Disquiet,  
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?  
*Belzara's* Charms are yielded to your Hopes,  
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;  
*Ximena* scarce has Knowledge of your Flame,  
Without Reproach she racks you with Despair,  
And must be perjur'd, could her Heart relieve you.

*D.San.* Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,  
Forget it, smother in her Arms the Thought,  
And drown the charming Falshood in the Joy.

*Alon.* What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat  
Obscures your Honour, and destroys your Reason?

*D.San.* I am not of that lifeless Mould of Men,  
That plod the beaten Road of virtuous Love;  
With me 'tis joyous Beauty gives Desire,  
Desire by Nature gives instinctive Hope:

{  
*The Phœnix Woman sets herself on fire,*  
*Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them desire,*  
*And in the Flames they raise themselves expire.*

*Alon.* Nor Love, nor Hope, can give you here Success.

*D.San.*

30 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER.*

D. *San.* Let those despair, whose Passions have their  
Whose Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die : [Bounds,  
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,  
Let her be barr'd by Obligations, Friends,  
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Aversion, all  
The common Letts that give the Vertuous Awe ;  
My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,  
Cut thro' them all, like yielding Air, my way,  
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.

*Alon.* Farewel, my Lord, some other time, perhaps,  
This Rapture may subside, and want a Friend ;  
I shall be glad to advise, when you can hear.  
But, see ! *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,  
That speak some new Disorder in her heart.  
Wou'd you be happy, Friend, be just ; preserve  
Inviolate the honest Vows you've made her.  
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occasion.

[Exit.]

*Enter Belzara.*

*Bel.* I come, Don *Sanchez*, to inform you of  
A Wrong, that near concerns our mutual Honour ;  
'Tis whisper'd thro' the Court, that you retract  
Your solemn Vows by Contract seal'd to me,  
And with a perjur'd Heart pursue *Ximena* ;  
Such false Reports shou'd perish in their Birth :  
I've done my honest Part, and disbeliev'd 'em,  
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd destroy them.

D. *San.* Madam, this tender Care of me deserves  
Acknowledgments beyond my Power to pay ;  
But Virtue always is the Mark of Malice,  
Contempt the best Return that we can make it.

*Bel.* Virtue shou'd have so strict a Guard, as not  
To suffer even Suspicion to approach it.  
For tho', Don *Sanchez*, I dare think you just,  
Yet while the envicus World believes you false,  
I feel their Insults, and endure the Shame.

D. *San.* Malice succeeds when its Report's believ'd ;  
Seem you to slight it, and the Monster's mute.

*Bel.* I cou'd have hop'd some Cause to make me slight it,  
This cold Concern to satisfy my Fears,  
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them true :

D. *San.*

D. San. Then you believe me false?

Bel. Believe it! Heav'n!

Am I to doubt? What even your Looks, your Words,  
Your faint Evasions faithleſly confess?

Ungrateful Man! when you betray'd my Heart,  
You shou'd have taught me too to bear the Wrong.

D. San. When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,  
They flow from Pride, not Tenderness distress'd.

Bel. Insulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd  
Of Pride, complaining from a breaking Heart?

D. San. Behold th'unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!

Pursue you with the Sighs of fathful Passion,  
You starve our pining Hopes with painted Coyneſs;  
But if our honest Hearts disdain the Yoke,  
Or seek, from sweet Variety, Relief,  
Alarm'd to lose, what you despis'd secure,  
Your trembling Pride retracts its haughty Air,  
And yields to Love, pursuing when we fly.  
These lavish Tears, when I deserv'd your Heart,  
Had held me fighing to be more your Slave;  
But to bestow them when that Heart's broke loose,  
When more I merit your Contempt than Love,  
Arraigns your Justice, and acquits my Falshood.

Bel. Injurious, false, and barbarous Reproach!

Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs?

Or us'd with Rigour my once boundeſs Power?

Am I not sworn, by testify'd Consent,

By solemn Vows contracted, yielded yours?

But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,

Where th' Offender is himself the Judge?

But yet remember, Tyrant, while you triumph,

I am Don Henrick's Daughter, whom you dare betray:

Henrick, whose fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,

Dares step as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations.

D. San. Since then your seeming Grief's with Rage re-

Hear me, with Temper, Madam, once for all. [liev'd,

You urge our solemn Contract sworn, I own

The Fact, but must deny the Obligation;

'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,

To Henrick's dread Commands your Pride submitted:

Since

Since then your Merit's to Obedience due,  
 Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *Sanchez* ;  
 Your Slights to me live yet recorded here,  
 Nor can your forc'd Submissions now remove them :  
*Ximena's* softer Heart has rais'd me to  
 A Flame, that gives at once Revenge and Rapture.  
 How far Don *Henrick* may resent the Change,  
 I neither know, nor with Concern shall hear ;  
 Nay, trust your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

*Bel.* Inhuman ! vain Provoker of my Heart,  
 I need not urge the Ills that must o'ertake thee ;  
 Thy giddy Passions will, without my Aid,  
 Punish their Guilt, and to themselves be fatal.  
*Ximena's* Heart is fix'd as far above  
 Thy Hopes, as Truth and Virtue from thy Soul,  
 To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love ;  
 There, faithless Wretch ! indulge thy vain Desires,  
 And starve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty :

*Gaze on her Charms, forbidden to thy Taste,*  
*Famish'd and pining at the tempting Feast,*  
*Still rack'd, and reaching at the flying Fair,*  
*Pursue thy Falshood, and embrace Despair.* [Exit.]

*D. San.* So raging Winds, in furious Storms, arise,  
 Whirl o'er our Heads, and are, when past, forgotten.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Why, *Sanchez*, are you still resolv'd on Ruin ?  
 I met *Belzara*, in disorder'd haste,  
 At Sight of me she stopt, and wou'd have spoke,  
 But Grief, alas ! was grown too strong for Words :  
 When turning, from my View, her mournful Eyes,  
 She burst into a Show'r of gushing Tears,  
 And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd :  
 O yet collect your Temper into Thought,  
 And shun the Precipice that gapes before you ;  
 A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will see  
*Ximena* parted from your Hopes for ever.

*D. San.* Why dost thou double thus my new Disquiets ?  
 For Pains foreseen are felt before they come.

*Enter King Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena, &c.*

*Alon.* Behold the King ! *Alvarez*, and her Father,

Be wise, tho' late, and profit from the Issue.

King. Count Gormaz, you, and you *Alvarez*, hear;  
Tho' in the Camp your Swords, in Court your Counsel,  
Have justly rais'd your Fameto envy'd Heights,  
Yet let me still deplore your Race and you,  
That from a long Descent of Lineal Heat,  
Your private Feuds as oft have shook the State,  
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?  
Alas! the stubborn Claim of antient Rank,  
Held from a two-days antededated Honour,  
Which gave the younger House Preheminence.  
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes  
Of Fear, destroy'd by this contested Tilt;  
And what's decided by this endless Valour,  
Whose Honour yet confesses the Superior?  
While both dare die, the Quarrel is immortal:  
Or say that Force, on one Part, has prevail'd,  
Is there such Merit in unequal Strength?  
If Violence is Virtue, Brutes may boast it:  
Lions with Lions grapple, and dispute;  
But Men are only great, truly victorious,  
When with superior Reason they subdue.  
Can you then think you are, in Honour, bound  
To heir the Follies of your Ancestors?  
Since they have left you Vertues and Renown,  
Transmit not to Posterity their Blame.

*Alv.* and *Gor.* My Gracious Lord—

King. Yet hold, I'll hear you both.

Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no Doubt,  
This Quarrel, in your nobler Breast, was dying,  
Had not, *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it.

*Alv.* I!

Wherein, my Gracious Lord, stand I suspected?

King. What else could mean that sullen Gloom you wore,  
That conscious Discontent, so ill conceald  
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,  
When late the valiant Count was made our General?  
Was't not your own Request, you might resign it?  
Which tho', 'tis true, you long had fill'd with Honour,  
Was it for you to circumscribe our Choice?

T' oppose, from private Hate, the publick Good,  
 And in his Case, whose Merit had preferr'd him ?  
 When his fierce Temper, from Reflection calm,  
 Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire,  
 Was it well done thus to revive the Flame,  
 To wake his jealous Honour to Resentment,  
 And shake that Union we had laid to heart ?  
 If thou hast ought to urge, that may defend  
 Thy late Behaviour, or accuse his Conduct,  
 Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

*Alv.* Alas ! my Lord, the World misjudges me,  
 My Hate suppos'd, is not so deeply rooted,  
 Age has allay'd those Fevers of my Honour,  
 And weary Nature now wou'd rest from Passions.  
 The noble Count, whose warmer Blood may boil,  
 Perhaps is still my Foe ; I am not his,  
 Nor envy him those Honours of his Merit.  
 Where Vertue is, I dare be just, and see it.  
 Your Majesty has spoke your Wisdom in  
 Your Choice, for I have seen his Arm deserve it ;  
 In all the Sieges, Battles, I have won,  
 I knew not better to command, than he  
 To execute : Those Wreaths of Victory,  
 That flourish still upon this hoary Brow,  
 Impartial I confess, his active Sword  
 Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

*King.* How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man  
*Alv.* Nor was the Cause of my Retirement more,  
 Than that I found it time to ease my Age,  
 Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath  
 My Son the needless Pomp of my Possessions.

*King.* Is't possible ? Couldst thou conceal this Goodness  
 Cou'd secret Vertue take so firm a Root,  
 While Slander, like a Canker, kill'd its Beauties ?  
*Gormaz,* if yet thou art not Passion's Slave,  
 Take thou thyself the Glory to reward him.

*Gor.* My Lord, the Passions, that have warm'd this Breast  
 Yet never stirr'd but in the Cause of Honour.  
 Honour's the Spring that moves my active Life,  
 And Life's a Torment, while that's Right invaded.  
 Shew me the Man whose Merit claims my Love, Who

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Whose milder Virtues modestly assail me,  
And Honour throws me to his Arms a Friend.  
In proof of this, there needs but now to own,  
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*.

Have turn'd my fierce Resentments into Shame.

What can I more? My Words but faintly speak me:  
But since my King seems pleas'd with my Conversion,  
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.

*King.* Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give  
Your King this Glory of your mutual Conquest. [They em-  
brace.  
*Xim.* Auspicious Omen!

*Car.* O transporting Hope!

*D.San.* Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces. [Apart.

*King.* O *Gormaz!* O *Alvarez!* stop not here,  
Confine not to yourselves your stinted Virtue;  
But, in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,  
Secure to your Posterity your Peace: [Carlos and Ximena  
Behold the lifted Hands, that beg the Blessing, [kneel.  
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,  
And to your Heirs unborn transmit the Glory.

*Gor.* Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,  
Whose Heart by Obligations was subdu'd.

*Alv.* Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,  
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

*King.* O manly Conquest! O exalted Worth!  
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?  
To grace this Triumph of *Ximena's* Eyes,  
Let publick Jubilee conciude the Day:  
Sound all our sprightly Instruments of War,  
Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets, speak the general Joy.

*Alv.* Raise high the Clangor of your lofty Notes,  
Sound Peace at home—

*Gor.* And Terror to our Foes.

*King.* Let the loud Cannon from the Ramparts roar.

*Gor.* And make thefrighted Shores of Africk ring.

*Car.* Long live, and ever-glorious live, the King.

[Trumpets and Volleys at a Distance.

*Alv.* O may this glorious Day for ever stand  
Fam'd in the Rolls of late recorded Time.

*King.* This happy Union fix'd, my Lords, we now

Must crave your Counsel in our State's Defence—  
 Letters this Morn alarm us with Designs  
 The Moors are forming to invade our Realms;  
 But let them be, we're now prepar'd to meet them.

*The Prince that would sit free from foreign Fears,  
 Shou'd first with Peace compose intestine Fars;  
 Of Hearts united while secure at Home,  
 His rash Invaders to their Graves must come.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Don Sanchez.

R ELENTLESS Fortune! thou hast done thy Part,  
 Neglected nothing to oppose my Love;  
 But thou shalt find, in thy Delpight, I'll on;  
 Wer't thou not blind indeed, thou hadst foreseen  
 The Honour done this Hour to old Alvarez,  
 His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,  
 (Which I well know th' ambitious Gormaz aim'd at)  
 Must, like a Wildfire's Rage, embroil their Union,  
 Rekindle Jealousies in Gormaz' Heart,  
 Whose fatal Flame must bury all in Ashes :  
 But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate,  
 With penitive Grudge, the King's too partial Favour.

*Gormaz on the other Side.*

Gor. The King, methinks, is sudden in his Choice—  
 'Tis true, I never sought (but therefore is  
 Not less the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,  
 That I desir'd the Office— He has heard  
 Me say, the Prince, his Son, I thought was now  
 Of Age to change his pratling Female Court,  
 And claim'd a Governor's instructive Guidance—  
 Th' Advice, it seems, was fit— but not th' Adviser—  
 Be't so— why is Alvarez then the Man ?  
 He may be qualify'd, I'll not dispute  
 But was not Gormaz too of equal Merit ?  
 Let me not think Alvarez plays me foul—  
 That cannot be— he knew I would not bear it—  
 And yet why he's so suddenly preferr'd—

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I'll think no more on't— Time will soon resolve me.

D.San. Not to disturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,  
May I presume—

Gor. Don Sanchez may command me.

This youthful Lord is sworn our House's Friend, }  
If there's a Cause for jealous Thoughts, he'll find it. } Aside.

D.San. I hear, my Lord, the King has fresh Advice re-  
Of a design'd Invasion from the Moors : [ceiv'd  
Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour ?

Gor. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,  
But yet their Grounds seem'd doubtful at the Council.

D.San. May it not prove some Policy of State ?  
Some bugbear Danger of our own creating ?  
The King, I have observ'd, is skill'd in Rule,  
Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,  
And— for the Publick Good— can give Alarms  
Where Fears are not, and hush them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis so ! he hints already at my Wrongs. [Aside.  
D.San. Not but such Prudence well becomes a Prince :  
For Peace at home is worth his dearest Purchase :  
Yet he that gives his just Resentments up,  
Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,  
And sees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,  
Must have more Virtues than his King to bear it.—  
Perhaps, my Lord, I am not understood,  
Nay, hope, my jealous Fears have no Foundation ;  
But when the Ties of Friendship shall demandit,  
Don Sanchez wears a Sword that will revenge you. [Going.

Gor. Don Sanchez, stay— I think thou art my Friend,  
Thy noble Father oft has serv'd me in  
The Cause of Honour, and his Cause was mine.  
What thou hast said, speaks thee Balthazar's Son,  
I need not praise thee more— If I deserve  
Thy Love, refuse not what my Heart's concern'd  
To ask ; speak freely of the King, of me,  
Of old Alvarez, of our late Alliance,  
And what has follow'd since ; then sum the Whole,  
And tell me, truly, where the Account's unequal.

D.San. My Lord, you honour with too great a Trust  
The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years ;

Yet for the Time I have observ'd on Men,  
 I've always found the generous open Heart  
 Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.  
 O! 'tis the Curse of manly Vertue, that  
 Cowards, with Cunning, are too strong for Heroes :  
 And since you pres' me to unfold my Thoughts,  
 I grieve to see your Spirit so defeated,  
 Your just Resentments, by vile Arts of Court,  
 Beguil'd, and melted to resign their Terror.  
 Your honest Hate that had, for Ages stood  
 Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foe's Defiance,  
 Now sapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submission.

*Alvarez* knew you were impregnable  
 To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Statesman ;  
 While you were yet his Foe profess'd,  
 He durst not take these Honours o'er your Head ;  
 Had you still held him at his Distance due,  
 He would have trembled to have sought this Office.  
 When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,  
 I saw too well the Secret on the Anvil,  
 And soon foretold the Favour that succeeded.  
 Alas! this Project has been long concerted,  
 Resolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him,  
 Laid out and manag'd here by secret Agents ;  
 While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,  
 But, from his sweet Repose, was dragg'd t' accept it.  
 O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear  
 Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,  
 And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he stole  
 From you.

*Gor.* O *Sanchez* ! thou hast fir'd a Thought,  
 That was before but dawning in my Mind :  
 O! now at fresh it strikes my Memory,  
 With what dissembled Warmth the artful King  
 First charg'd his Temper with the Gloom he wore,  
 When I supply'd his late Command of General.

Then with what fawning Flattery to me,

*Alvarez*, Fear disguis'd his trembling Hate,  
 And sooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

*D. San.* Not Flattery, my Lord; tho' I must grant,  
 'Twas Praise well-tim'd, and therefore skilful.

*Gor.*

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*Gor.* Now, on my Soul, from him 'twas loathsome Dau-  
I take thy Friendship, *Sanchez*, to my Heart; [bing—  
And were not my *Ximena* rashly promis'd—

*D.San.* *Ximena's* Charms might grace a Monarch's Bed,  
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope;  
Or, if it durst, some fitter Time shou'd shew it,  
Results more pressing now demand your Thought;  
First ease the Pain of your depending Doubt,  
Divide this fawning Courtier from the Friend.

*Gor.* Which way shall I receive, or thank thy Love?

*D.San.* My Lord, you over-rate me now— but see,  
*Alvarez* comes— now probe his hollow Heart,  
Now, while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,  
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:

My Lord, I'm gone.

[Exit.]

*Gor.* I am thy Friend for ever.

Enter Alvarez.

*Alv.* My Lord, the King is walking forth to see  
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horsemanship;  
If you're inclin'd to see him, I'll attend you.

*Gor.* Since Duty calls me not, I've no Delight  
To be an idle Gaper on another's Busines.  
You may indeed find Pleasure in the Office,  
Which you've so artfully contriv'd to fill.

*Alv.* Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm sorry such a Thought  
Can reach the Man, whom you've so late embrac'd.

*Gor.* Men are not always what they seem: This Honour  
Which, in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,  
Was at the Price of those Embraces bought.

*Alv.* Ha! bought! for Shame suppresses this poor Suspi-  
For if you think you can't but be convinc'd, [cion:  
The naked Honour of *Alvarez* scorns  
Such base Disguise— yet pause a moment—  
Since our Great Master, with such kind Concern,  
Himself has interpos'd to heal our Feuds,  
Let us not thankless rob him of the Glory,  
And undeserve the Grace by new false Fears.

*Gor.* Kings are, alas! but Men, and form'd like us,  
Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd:  
The blushing Court, from this rash Choice, will see,

How blindly he o'erlooks superior Merit.  
Cou'd no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez*?

*Alv.* Worn more with Wounds and Victories than Age,  
Who stands before him in great Actions past?  
But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,  
Which will but shock what Reasoning may convince.

*Gor.* The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez*! how I thank thee!

— [Aside.]

*Alv.* You have a vertuous Daughter, I a Son,  
Whose softer Hearts our mutual Hands have rais'd  
Ev'n to the Summit of expected Joy;  
If no Regard to me, yet let, at least  
Your Pity of their Passions rein your Temper.

*Gor.* O needless Care! to nobler Objects now  
That Son be sure in Vanity pretends,  
While his high Father's Wisdom is preferr'd  
To guide and govern our Great Monarch's Son,  
His proud aspiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;  
Think not of him, but your superior Care,  
Instruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe  
His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;  
Teach him to bind the Loyal Heart in Love,  
The Bold and Factious in the Chains of Fear;  
Join to these Vertues too your warlike Deeds,  
Inflame him with the vast Fatigues you've born,  
But now are past, to shew him by Example,  
And give him in the Closet safe Renown.  
Read him what scorching Suns he must endure;  
What bitter Nights must wake, or sleep in Arms,  
To countermarch the Foe, to give th' Alarm,  
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.  
Mark him on the Charts the Order of the Battel,  
And make him from your Manuscripts a Hero.

*Alv.* Ill-temper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,  
Whose tortur'd Patience is thy only Friend.

*Gor.* Thou only to thy self can't be a Friend;  
I tell thee, false *Alvarez*, thou hast wrong'd me,  
Hast basely robb'd me of my Merit's Right,  
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;  
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,

The

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The living Practice of experienc'd War ;  
This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,  
At once his great Example, and his Guard :  
His unfledg'd Wings from me had learnt to soar,  
And strike at Nations trembling at my Name :  
This I had done, but thou, with servile Arts,  
Hast fawning crept into our Master's Breast,  
Elbow'd superior Merit from his Ear,  
And, like a Courtier, stole his Son from Glory.

*Alv.* Hear me, proud Man — for now I burn to speak,  
Since neither Truth can sway, nor Temper touch thee ;  
Thus I retort with Scorn thy fland'rous Rage :  
Thou ! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir !  
Thou guide the Passions of o'er-boiling Youth,  
That can't not in thy Age yet rule thy own !  
For shame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,  
Reduce thy arrogant, self-judging Pride,  
Correct the Meanness of thy groveling Soul,  
Chase damn'd Suspicion from thy manly Thoughts,  
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.

*Gor.* Superior ! Ha ! dar'st thou provoke me, Traytor ?

*Alv.* Unhand me, Ruffian, lest thy Hold prove fatal.

*Gor.* Take that, audacious Dotard ! [Strikes him.]

*Alv.* O ! my Blood !

Flow forward to my arm to chain this Tyger.  
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,  
And quit my Honour of this vile Disgrace.

[They fight, Alvarez is disarm'd.]

O feeble Life ! I have too long endur'd thee.

*Gor.* Thy Sword is mine ; take back th' inglorious Tro-  
Which wou'd disgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear ; [phy,  
Now, forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince  
This Martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits ;  
And from this wholesome Chastisement, learn thou  
To tempt the Patience of offended Honour. [Exit.]

*Alv.* O Rage ! O wild Despair ! O helpless Age.  
Wert thou but lent me to survive my Honour ?  
Am I with martial Toils worn grey, and see  
At last one Hour's Blight lay waste my Laurels ?  
Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceless ?

Has

Has it so often prop'd this Empire's Glory,  
 Fenc'd like a Rampart, the *Castilian Throne*,  
 To me alone disgraceful? to its Master useless?  
 O sharp Remembrance of departed Glory!  
 O fatal Dignity, too dearly purchas'd!  
 Now, haughty *Gormaz*, now guide thou my Prince;  
 Insulted Honour is unfit t'approach him:  
 And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,  
 Old Servant, worthy of an abler Master,  
 Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,  
 And to revenge him grace some nobler Arm.  
 My Son!

*Enter Carlos.*

O *Carlos*! can'st thou bear Dishonour?

*Car.* What Villain dare occasion, Sir, the Question?  
 Give me his Name, the Proof shall answer him.

*Alv.* O just Reproach! O prompt resentful Fire!  
 My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame,  
 And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return.  
 Up, up, my Son— I cannot speak my Shame—  
 Revenge, Revengeme!

*Car.* O my Rage! of what?

*Alv.* Of an Indignity so vile my Heart  
 Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.  
 A Blow! a Blow, my Boy!

*Car.* Distraction! Fury!

*Alv.* In vain, alas! this Feeble Arm assail'd  
 With mortal Vengeance the Aggressor's Heart:  
 He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, insulted;  
 Therefore to thy young Arm, for sure Revenge,  
 My Soul's Distrefs commits my Sword and Cause:  
 Pursue him, *Carlos*, to the World's last Bounds,  
 And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.  
 Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'l find his Brow  
 Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Prowess;  
 Oh! I have seen him dreadful in the Field,  
 Cut through whole Squadrons his destructive Way,  
 And snatch the Gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.

*Car.* O rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,  
 That burns to know him, and eclipse his Glory.

*Alv.*

*Alv.* Tho' I foresee 'twill strike thy Soul to hear it,  
Yet since our gasping Honour calls for thy  
Relief—*O Carlos!* 'tis *Ximena's* Father—

*Car. Ha.*

*Alv.* Pause not for a Reply—I know thy Love,  
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,  
And ev'n lend a Sigh to thy Distress.

I grant *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;  
But wounded Honour must surmount them both.  
I need not urge thee more, thou know'st my Wrong,  
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:  
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine;

*Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkness mourn,*  
*Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return:*  
*But haste, o'ertake this Blaster of my Name,*  
*Fly swift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame.* [Exit.

*Car.* Relentless Heaven! is all thy Thunder gone?  
Not one Bolt left to finish my Despair?  
Lie still my Heart, and close thy deadly Wound;  
Stir not to Thought, Reflection is thy Ruin:  
But see, the frightened poor *Ximena* comes,  
And, with her Tremblings, strikes thee cold as Death.  
My helpless Father too, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,  
Begs his Dismission to his Grave with Honour.

*Ximena* weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:  
Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arrests my Arm;  
O double Torture of distracting Woe!

Is there no Mean betwixt these sharp Extreams?  
Must Honour perish, if I spare my Love?

O ignominious Pity! shameful Softness!

Must I, to right *Alvarez*, kill *Ximena*?

O cruel Vengeance! O Heart-wounding Honour!

Shall I forsake her in her Soul's Extreams,

Depress the Virtue of her filial Tears,

And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?

Shall that just Honour that subdu'd her Heart,

Now build its Fame relentless on her Sorrows.

Instruct me, Heav'n, that gav'st me this Distress,  
To chuse, and bear me worthy of my Being!

O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul  
 Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!  
 For Heav'n can tell what Pangs I feel to save thee!  
 But, hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!  
 'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in Pause,  
 Plunge in my Heart, and save it from the Billows.  
 It will be so—the Blow's too sharp a Pain,  
 And Vengeance has, at least, this just Excuse,  
 That even *Ximena* blushes, while I bear it;  
 Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,  
 Must, when that Honour's stain'd, abjure my Love.

*O Peace of Mind, farewell! Revenge, I come!*  
*And raise thy Altar on a mournful Tomb.*

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## A C T III. S C E N E I.

Garcia and Gormaz.

*Gor.* **T**HE King is Master of his Will and me.  
 But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.

*Gar.* My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,  
 And, while thus obstinate, inflame your Fault.  
 When Sovereign Power descends to ask of Subjects  
 The due Submission, which its Will may force,  
 Your Danger's greater from such slighted Mildness,  
 Than shou'd you disobey its full Commands.

*Gor.* The Consequence, perhaps, may prove it so.

*Gar.* Have you no Fear of what his Frown may do?

*Gor.* Has he no Fear of what my Wrongs may do?  
 Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;  
 When I am crush'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.

*Gar.* The rash Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,  
 Without some Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuse.

*Gor.* I am my self the Judge of what I feel;  
 I feel him false, and feeling must resent.

*Gar.* Shall it be deem'd a Falshood to accept  
 A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?

*Gor.* He shou'd have wav'd it; first consulted me:

He

He might have held me still his Friend sincere,  
Have shar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;  
But basely thus to out me of my Right,  
By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,  
Is what I never can forgive, and have resented.

*Gar.* But in this Violence you offend the King,  
The Sanction of whose Choice claim'd more Regard.

*Gor.* Why am I fretted with these Chains of Honour,  
Less free than others in my just Resentments;  
Who, unprovok'd my self, do no Man wrong,  
But, injur'd, am as Storms implacable.

*Gar.* My Lord, this stubborn Temper will undo you.

*Gor.* Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be satisfy'd.

*Gar.* Be yet persuaded, and compose this Broil.

*Gor.* My Resolution's fix'd; let's wave the Subject.

*Gar.* Will you refuse all Terms of Reparation?

*Gor.* All! all! that are not from my Honour due!

*Gar.* Dare you not trust that Honour with your King?

*Gor.* My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.

*Gar.* What's then in short your Answer? For the King  
Expect's it on my first Return.

*Gor.* 'Tis this,  
That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.

*Gar.* My Lord, I take my Leave.

*Gor.* Don Garcia's Servant. [Exit Garcia.  
Who fears not Death, smiles at the Frowns of Power.

Enter Carlos.

*Car.* My Lord, your Leave to talk with you.

*Gor.* Be free.

I did expect you on this late Occasion.

*Car.* I'm glad to find you do my Honour right,  
And hope you'll not refuse it wrong'd *Alvarez*.

*Gor.* He had a Sword to right himself.

*Car.* That Sword is here.

*Gor.* 'Tis well; the Place—— and let our Time be short.

*Car.* One Moment's Respite for *Ximena*'s sake,  
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her;  
We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,  
May pity her Distress, and pause to save her,  
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,

Since

Since with its Vengeance her sure Woes are blended :  
 Not for my self, but for her tender sake,  
 I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.  
 Let not her Virtues suffer for her Love ;  
 O ! lay not on her Innocence the Grief  
 Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood :  
 O ! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears ;  
 Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,  
 And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.

*Gor.* What you have offer'd for *Ximena's* sake,  
 Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid ;  
 And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.  
 Submission 'tis in vain to hope, for know  
 I have this Hour refus'd it to the King.  
 Thy Father's Arts basely betray'd my Friendship ;  
 I felt the Wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it,  
 We're now on equal Terms : but if his Cause  
 So deep is in thy Heart, that thou resolv'st,  
 With fruitless Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,  
 Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruin.

*Car.* Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart,  
 And bar this pressing Provocation's Entrance. } *Aside.*  
 Have I, my Lord, in Person wrong'd you ?

*Gor.* No.

*Car.* Why then these fatal Cruelties to me ?  
 That I must lose, or wrong *Ximena's* Love ?  
 For she must scorn me, shou'd I bear my Shame ;  
 Or fly me, tho' my Honour shou'd revenge it.

*Gor.* Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.

*Car.* Not to you ?

Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I blush to name,  
 To prosecute this fatal Reparation ?  
 Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here ;  
 Had you the Spirit to confess your Error,  
 Your Heart's Confusion had subdu'd *Alvarez*,  
 And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.

*Gor.* If thou comest here to talk me from my Senſe,  
 Or thinks with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,  
 Thou offer'st to the Winds thy forceless Plea.  
 I will not bear the mention of his Truth ;

His Falshood's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,  
And justifies a worse Revenge than I have taken.

*Car.* O Patience! Heav'n! O tortur'd Rage! Not speak!  
The pious Pangs of my torn Soul insulted!  
Have I for this bow'd down my humble Knee,  
To swell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,  
And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?  
O give me back that vile submissive Shame,  
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,  
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance:  
Yet no— withhold it, take it to acquit my Love!  
That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,  
Her helpless Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And since  
I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,  
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieus,  
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace;  
Farewel, dear injur'd Softness— follow me.

*Gor.* Lead on— yet hold! should we together forth,  
It may create Suspicion, and prevent us:  
Propose the Place, I'll take some different Circle.

*Car.* Behind the Ramparts, near the *Western Gate*.

*Gor.* Expect me on the Instant.

*Car.* Poor *Ximena*!

[Exit.]

*Gor.* Deep as Resentment lodges in my Heart,  
It feels some Pity there for *Carlos*' Passion—  
It shall be so— his brave Resentment's just:

[Writes in Tablets.]

*And hard his Fate— both Ways— this Legacy*

*Shall right my Honour, and my Enemy.*

[Exit.]

*Enter Belzara and Ximena.*

*Bel.* Look up, *Ximena*, and suppress thy Fears,  
What tho' a transient Cloud o'er cast thy Joy,  
Shall we conclude from thence a Wreck must follow?

*Xim.* Can I resist the Fears that Reason forms?

Have I not cause to tremble in the Storm?

While Danger, Ruin, and Despair's in view?

Can I reflect on good *Alvarez*' Shame?

Whose generous Heart took pity on our Love,

And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?

Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, stung with his Disgrace,

*Breaking*

Breaking like Fire from these weak-holding Arms,  
 And not sink down with Terror at his Rage?  
 Must I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?  
 If by his Arm my hapless Father falls,  
 Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?  
 If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword should bleed,  
 Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?  
 One gave me Life, shall I not revere him?  
 The other is my Life, can I survive him?

*Bel.* Her Griefs have something of such mournful Force,  
 That tho' not equal to my own, I feel them.

*Xim.* *Carlos* you see too shuns my Sight, no News,  
 No Tidings yet arrive, tho' I have sent  
 My swiftest Fears a thousand ways to find him.  
 Who can support these Terrors of Suspense?

*Bel.* Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,  
*Carlos* may yet arrive, and save your Peace:  
 He is too much a Lover to resist  
 The tender Pleadings of *Ximena's* Sorrow;  
 One Word, one Sigh from you arrests his Arm,  
 And makes the Tempest of his Rage subside.

*Xim.* And say that I could conquer him; with Tears,  
 And Terrors could subdue his piteous Heart,  
 To yield his Honour and its Cause to Love,  
 What will the World not say of his Compliance?  
 Can I be happy in his Fame's Disgrace?  
 Can Love subsist on Shame, that sprung from Honour?  
 Shall I reduce him to such hard Contempt,  
 And rail on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?  
 Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief:  
 Let him resist, or yield to my Distress,  
 Or Shame, or Sorrow's sure to meet me.

*Bel.* *Ximena* has, I see, a Soul refin'd,  
 Too Great, too Just, too Noble to be Happy:  
 True Virtue must despair from this vile World  
 To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward.  
 But see, your Servant is return'd! Good News,  
 Kind Heaven!

*Enter a Page.*

*Xim.* Speak quickly, hast thou seen *Don Carlos*?

*Page.*

*Page.* Madam, where your Commands directed me,  
I've made the strictest Search in vain to find him.

*Xim.* Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou  
gav'st me?

*Bel.* Nor hast thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?  
Has no one seen him pass, or heard of him?

*Page.* As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards  
The Gate, inform'd me, that he saw him scarce  
Ten Minutes hence pass in disorder'd Haste  
From out this very House alone.

*Bel.* Aloré?

*Page.* Alone, and after soon my Lord, wrapt in  
His Cloke, without a Servant, follow'd him.

*Xim.* O Heav'n!

*Bel.* No Servant, saidst thou?

*Page.* None, and as  
My Lord came forth, the Soldier standing to  
His Arms, he sign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd,  
Besure you saw me not.

*Xim.* Then Ruin's sure,  
They are engag'd, and fatal Blood must follow:

*Excuse, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,*

*One Moment lost may prove an Age too late.* [Exit.

*Bel.* Howe'er my own Afflictions press my Heart,  
I bear a Part in poor *Ximena's* Grief,  
Tho' even the worst that can befall her Hopes,  
May better be endur'd than what I feel!  
O! nothing can destroy her Lover's Truth;  
*Carlos* may prove Unhappy, not Inconstant;  
Whate'er Disasters may obstruct her Joy,  
The Comfort of his Truth is sure to find her;  
That Thought; ev'n Pains of parting may remove,  
Or fill up all the Space of Absence with Delight.  
But I, alas! am left to my Despair alone,  
Confin'd to sigh in Solitude my Woes,  
Or hide with Anguish what I blush to bear.  
In vain the Woman's Pride resents my Wrongs,  
Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire still,  
And with new Force insults my Heart's Resistance.

*Enter Alonzo hastily.*

*Alon.* Your Pardon, Madam — Have you seen Lord Gor.  
I come to warn him that he stir not hence,  
The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors. [maz?]

*Bel.* Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he  
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpose;  
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.

*Alon.* Then 'tis indeed too late: I wish my Friend,  
The rash Don *Sanchez*, has not blown this Fire.  
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Griefs,  
And, as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.  
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falshood?

*Bel.* Alas! I durst not; knowing that her Friendship  
Wou'd for my sake so coldly treat his Vows,  
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to insult me.

*Alon.* You judge him right, Patience will yet recal him,  
'Tis not his Love, but Pride, pursues *Ximena*,  
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:  
Be comforted, I'll still observe his Steps,  
And, when I find him staggering, catch him back  
To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour:  
But Duty calls me to the King — Shall I  
Attend you, Madam?

*Bel.* Sir, I thank your Care,  
My near Concern for poor *Ximena*'s Fate,  
Keeps me impatient here, till her Return. [Exeunt]

*Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, Attendants.*

*King.* Since naild Intreaties fail, our Power shall force him  
Cou'd he suppose his Insult to our Person offer'd,  
His Outrage done within our Palace-Walls,  
Deserv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to shew him:  
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

*Gar.* He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

*D.San.* Dread Sir!  
For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,  
I dare not plead Excuse; but, as his Friend,  
Wou'd beg your Royal Leave to mitigate  
His seeming Disobedience to your Pleasure.  
Restraint, however just, oppos'd against  
The Tide of Passion, makes the Current fiercer,

Whid

Which of itself, in time, had ebb'd to Reason ;  
Your Will surpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,  
E'er Thought had Leisure to compose his Mind ;  
Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,  
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd Submission :  
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair  
*Alvarez'* Wrongs, with Hazards in your Service ;  
Were it to face the double-number'd Foe,  
To pass the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,  
To force the Trenchment, or to storm the Breach,  
I'll answer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,  
And march intrepid in commands of Honour.

*King.* We doubt not of his daring in the Field,  
But he mistakes, if he concludes from thence,  
That to persist in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,  
Or to have acted Wrong, is always base :  
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,  
Nor therefore can a Fault confess'd degrade him ;  
The lowest Minds have Spirit to offend,  
But few can reach the Courage to confess it ;  
Submitting to our Will, the Count had lost  
No Fame, nor can we pardon his Refusal :  
What you have said, *Don Sanchez*, speaks the Friend ;  
What we resolve, 'tis fit should speak the King :  
We both have said enough.—The Publick now  
Requires our Thought : We are inform'd Ten Sail  
Of warlike Vessels, mann'd with our old Foes  
The *Moors*, were late discover'd off our Coast,  
And steering to the River's Mouth their Course.

*Gar.* The Lives, Sir, they have lost in like Attempts  
Must make them cautious to repeat the Danger ;  
This is no Time to fear them.

*King.* Nor contemn,  
Too full Security has oft been fatal.  
Consider with what Ease the Flood at Night  
May bring them down t' insult our Capital.  
Let at the Port, and on the Walls, our Guards  
Be doubled, till the Morn, that Force may serve ;  
*Gormaz* has tim'd it ill to be in fault,  
When his immediate Presence is requir'd.

*Gar.* My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*King.* 'Tis well!

Have you obey'd us? Is the Count confin'd?

*Alon.* Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily  
Too late; the Count, with *Carlos*, was before  
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference:

As I came back, I met the gathering Croud  
In Fright, and hurrying to the *Western Gate*,  
To see, as they reported, in the Field  
The Body of some muder'd Nobleman.

Struck with my Fears, I hasted to the Place,  
Where to my Senses Horror, when arriv'd,  
I found them true, and *Gormaz* just expir'd:  
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,  
Bath'd his pale breathless Body with her Tears,  
Calling with Cries for Justice on his Head,  
Whose rueful Hand had done the barbarous Deed:  
The pitying Crowd took part in her Distress,  
And join'd her moving Plaints for due Revenge;  
While some, in kinder Feeling of her Griefs,  
Remov'd the mournful Object from her Eyes,  
And to the neighbouring Convent bore the Body,  
Which, when committed to the Abbot's Care,  
I left the pressing Throng to tell the News.

*King.* *Ximena's* Griefs are follow'd with our own;  
For tho', in some Degree, the haughty Count  
Drew on himself the Son's too just Revenge,  
We cannot lose, without a deep Concern,  
So true a Subject, and so brave a Soldier:  
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,  
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.

*Alon.* Sir, here in the Tablets of th' unhappy Count,  
In his own Hand, these written Lines were found.

*King.* 'Alvarez wrong'd me in my Master's Favour,  
'*Carlos* is brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena*. [Reading]  
Strange, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.

*Alon.* Behold, Sir, where the lost *Ximena* comes,  
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Justice.

*Ente*

## The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 53

Enter Ximena.

Xim. O Sacred Sir ! forgive my Grief's Intrusion,  
Behold a helpless Orphan at your Feet,  
Who, for a Father's Blood, implores your Justice.

Enter Alvarez, hastily.

Alv. O ! turn, dread Royal Master, turn your Eyes,  
See on the Earth your faithful Soldier prostrate,  
Whose Honour's just Revenge intreats your Mercy.

Xim. O Godlike Monarch ! hear my louder Cries !

Alv. O be not to the Old and Helpless deaf !

Xim. Revenge yourself, your violated Laws.

Alv. Support not Violence in rude Aggrefors.

Xim. Be greatly Good, and do the Injur'd Justice.

Alv. Be greater still, and shew the Valiant Mercy.

Xim. O, Sir ! your Crown's Support and Guard is gone,  
The impious *Carlos'* Sword has kill'd my Father.

Alv. And, like a pious Son, aveng'd his own.

King. Rise, fair Ximena ! and Alvarez rise !  
With equal Sorrow we receive your Plaints,  
Both shall be heard apart — proceed Ximena :

Alvarez, in your Place you speak, be patient.

Xim. What can I say ? but Miseries, like mine,  
May plead with plainest Truths their piteous Cause.  
Is he not dead ? Is not my Father kill'd ?  
Have not these Eyes beheld his ghastly Wound,  
And mixt, with fruitless Tears, his streaming Blood ?  
That Blood which, in his Royal Master's Cause,  
So oft has sprung him thro' your Foes Victorious ;  
That blood, which all the raging Swords of War  
Cou'd never reach, a young presumptuous Arm  
Has dar'd, within your View to sacrifice !  
These Eyes beheld it stream — Excuse my Grief,  
My Tears will better than my Words explain me.

King. Take heart, Ximena, we're inclin'd to hear thee.

Xim. O ! shall a Life, so faithful to the King,  
Fall unreveng'd, and stain his Glory ?  
Shall Merit so important to the State,  
Be left expos'd to sacrilegious Rage,  
And fall the Sacrifice of private Passion ?  
Alvarez says, his Honour was insulted ;

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Yet, be it so, was there no King to right it?  
 Who better cou'd protect it than the Donor?  
 Shall *Carlos* wrest the Scepter from your Hand,  
 And point the Sword of Justice whom to punish?  
 O! if such Outrage may escape with Pardon,  
 Whose Life's secure from his self-judging Rage?  
 O where's Protection! if *Ximena's* Tears  
 And tender Passion could not save her Father?

*King. Alvarez,* answer her.

*Alv.* My Heart's too full;  
 Divided, torn, distracted with its Griefs:  
 How can I plead poor *Carlos'* Cause, when I  
 Am touch'd with Pity of *Ximena's* Woe?  
 Her suffering Piety has caught my Soul,  
 And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me;  
*Ximena* has a Grief I cannot disallow,  
 Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity;  
*Carlos* even yet may merit some Compassion,  
 Perhaps I'm partial to his Piety,  
 And see his Deeds with a fond Father's Eye,  
 But that I still must leave to Royal Mercy!  
 O, Sir, imagin what the brave endure,  
 When the chaste Front of Honour is insulted,  
 Her Fame abus'd, and ravish'd by a Biow.  
 Oh piercing! piercing! must the Torture be,  
 If soft *Ximena* wanted Power t' appease it.  
 Pardon this Weakness of o'erflowing Nature,  
 I cannot see such filial Virtue perish,  
 And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardship.

*Xim.* O my divided Heart! O poor *Alvarez.* [Aside.]

*King.* Compose thy Griefs, my good old Friend, we  
 feel them.

*Alv.* If *Gormaz'* Blood must be with Blood reveng'd,  
 O do not, Sacred Sir! misplace your Justice;  
 Mine wasthe Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance;  
*Carlos* but acted what my Sufferings prompted,  
 The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine;  
 I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,  
 Which had been innocent, had mine been able.  
 On me your Vengeance will be just and mild!

My

My Days, alas! are drawing to their End,  
But *Carlos* spar'd, may yet live long to serve you.  
Preserve my Son, and I embrace my Fate;  
Since he has sav'd my Honour from the Grave,  
O lay me gently there to rest for ever.

King. Your mutual Plaints require our tead'rest Thought,  
Our Counsel shall be summon'd to assist us.—  
Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,  
Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:  
*Alvarez*, on his Word, has Liberty;  
Be *Carlos* found to answer to his Charge.  
*Sanchez*, wait you *Ximena* to her Rest,  
Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will answer.

*Hard is the Task of Justice, where Distress*

*Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redress.*

[Exeunt.

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A C T IV. SCENE I.

Belzara alone, in Ximena's Apartment.

*Bel.* **S**URE some ill-boding Planet must preside,  
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers!  
Undone *Ximena*! O relentless Honour!  
That first subdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd  
Thy Lover's fatal Arm, to pierce it thro'  
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Virtue wretched:  
The hapless *Carlos* too is lost for ever!  
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,  
In whom he only lives! Oh Heav'n! he's here,  
His Miseries have made him desperate.

Enter *Carlos*.

*Carlos*, what wild Distraction has posses'd thee,  
That thus thou seek'st thy Safety in thy Ruin?  
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,  
Where Justice, and *Ximena*'s sure to find thee?

*Car.* I wou'd not hide me from *Ximena*'s Sight,  
Banish'd from her, I every Moment die:

Since I must perish, let her Frowns destroy me,  
Her Anger's sharper than the Sword of Justice.

*Bel.* Alas! I pity thee, but would not have  
Thee tempt the first Emotions of her Heart,  
While Duty and Resentment yet transport her:  
I wait each moment her Return from Court,  
Which now, be sure, will be with Friends attended.  
O fly! for Pity's sake, regard her Fame,  
Shou'd you be seen, what must the World conclude?  
Wou'd you increase her Miseries, to have  
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd  
Beneath the Roof, her Father's Murderer.  
But see, she comes! O hide thee but a Moment!  
Kill not her Honour too, let that persuade thee. [Exit Carlos.  
Don Sanchez here! O Heav'ns! how I tremble. [Retires.

*Enter Sanchez and Ximena.*

*D. San.* This noble Conquest, Madam, of your Love,  
To After-Ages must record your Fame;  
Just is your Grief, and your Resentment great,  
And great the Victim that shou'd fall before it;  
But Words are empty Succours to Distress:  
Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.  
Wou'd you have sure Revenge, employ this Sword,  
My Fortune and my Life is yours to right you;  
Accept my Service, and you overpay it.

*Bel.* O faithless, barbarous Man! but I'll divert  
Thy cruel Aim, and use my Power for *Carlos*. [Apart.

*Xim.* O miserable me!

*Bel.* Take Comfort, Madam.

*D. San.* *Belzara* here! then I have lost th'Occasion  
Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain: [Aside.  
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance sure.

*Xim.* That were t'offend the King, to whom I have  
Appeal'd, and whence I now must only wait it.

*D. San.* Revenge from Justice, Madam, moves so slow,  
That oft the watchful Criminal escapes it:  
Appeal to your Resentment, you secure it.  
*Carlos*, you found, would trust no other Power,  
And 'tis but just you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Alas! Don *Sanchez*, Madam feels not Love,  
He little thinks how *Carlos* fills your Heart;  
What shining Glory in his Crime appears;  
What Pangs it cost him to take part with Honour:  
That you must hate the Hand that could destroy him.  
*Sanchez*, to shew the real Friend, would use  
His secret Int'rest with the King to spare him;  
For tho' you're bound in Duty to pursue him,  
Yet Love, alas! wou'd with a conscious Joy,  
Applaud the Power that could, unbid, preserve him.

*Xim.* O kind *Belzara*! how thou feel'st my Sufferings,  
Yet I must think, Don *Sanchez* means me well.

*D. San.* Confusion! how her subtle tongue has foil'd  
me— [Aside.]

Madam, some other time I'll beg your Leave  
To wait your service and approve my Friendship.

*Xim.* Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at hand  
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.

*D. San.* Oh! if such Beauties' midst her Sorrows shine,  
What darting Charms must point her smiling Eyes? [Exit.]

*Xim.* At length I'm free at liberty to think,  
And give my Miseries a Loose of Sorrow.  
O *Belzara*! *Carlos*, has kill'd my Father!  
Weep! weep my Eyes! pour down your baleful Show'rs,  
Hethat in Grief shou'd be my Heart's Support,  
Has wrought my Sorrows and must fall their Victim.  
When *Carlos* is destroy'd, what Comfort's left me?  
Spite of my Wrongs he still inhabits here:  
O still his fatal Vertues plead his Cause;  
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,  
And there even yet he combats with my Father.

*Bel.* Restraine these headstrong Sallies of your Heart,  
And try with Slumbers to compose your Spirits.

*Xim.* O! where's Repose for Misery like mine?  
How grievous Heav'n! how bitter is my Portion?  
O shall a Parent's Blood cry unreveng'd!  
Shall impious Love suborn my Heart to pay  
His Ashes but unprofitable Tears,  
And bu'y in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?

*Bel.* Alas! that Duty is discharg'd; you have

Appeal'd

Appeal'd to Justice, and shou'd wait its Course.  
Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it ;  
His hard Misfortunes may deserve Compassion.

Xim. Oh ! that they do deserve it, is my Grief ;  
Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cause,  
Were Falshood, Pride, or Insolence his Crime,  
My just Revenge without a Pang, shou'd reach him.  
But as he is supported with Excuse,  
Detended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,  
Whose cruel Laws none but the Great obey ;  
My hopeless Heart is tortur'd with Extreams,  
It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy shudders.

Bel. O what will be at last the dire Resolve  
Of your afflicted Soul ?

Xim. There is but one  
Can end my Sorrows and preserve my Fame ;

*The sole Resource my Miseries can have,  
Is to pursue, destroy; then meet him in the Grave.* [Going.  
Carlos meets her.

Amazement! Horror ! have my Eyes their Sense ?  
Or do my raving Griefs create this Phantom ?  
Support me ! help me ! hide me from the Vision !  
For 'tis not Carlos come to brave my Sorrows. [Carlos kneels.

Bel. O turn your Eye ! in pity of his Griefs,  
Resign'd, and prostrate at your Feet for Mercy.

Xim. What will my Woes do with me ?

Bel. Now !

Now conquering Love shoot all thy Fires to save him ;  
Now snatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow ;  
Maintain thy Empire, and relieve the Wretched :  
O hang upon his tongue thy thrilling Charms,  
To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of Sanchez. [Exit.

Car. O pierce not thus, with thy offended Eyes,  
The wretched Heart that, of itself is breaking.

Xim. Can I be wounded, and not shrink with Pain ?  
Can I support with Temper him that shed  
My Father's Blood triumphant in my Ruin ?  
O Carlos ! Carlos ! was thy Heart of Stone ?  
Was nothing due to poor Ximena's Peace ?  
O ! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,

When

When at my Feet thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,  
And all hereditary Hate forgotten !  
Tho' bound, in filial Honour, to insult  
Thy Flame, I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,  
And bore the Censure of my Race to save thee :  
And am I thus requited ? left forlorn ?  
The tender Passion of my Heart despis'd !  
Cou'd not my Terrors move one Spark of Mercy ?  
No mild Abatement of thy stern Revenge ?  
T' excuse thy Crime, or justify my Love ?

*Car.* O hear me but a moment.

*Xim.* O my Heart !

*Car.* One mournful word !

*Xim.* Ah ! leave me to despair !

*Car.* One dying last Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance :  
Behold the Sword that has undone thee.

*Xim.* Ah ! stain'd with my Father's Blood ! O rueful Ob-  
*Car.* O Ximena ! [ject !

*Xim.* Take hence that horrid Steel,  
That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Virtue.

*Car.* Endure it rather to support Resentment,  
T'inflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim :  
I am more wretched than thy Rage can wish me.

*Xim.* O cruel Carlos ! in one Day thou hast kill'd  
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with  
Thy Sight — O yet remove that fatal Object,  
I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach :  
If thou wouldst have me hear thee, hide the Cause,  
That wounds reflection to our mutual Ruin.

*Car.* Thus I obey — but how shall I proceed ?  
What Words can help me to deserve thy Hearing ?  
How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cause,  
Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges ?  
Or how shall I repent me of a Crime,  
Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy Scorn ?  
Yet think not ; O I conjure thee ! think not,  
But that I bore a thousand Racks of Love,  
While my conflicting Honour press'd for Vengeance.  
Or I endur'd ! submitted ev'n to Shame,  
Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation !

But

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But all in vain! like Water sprinkled on  
 A Fire, those Drops but made him burn the more,  
 And only added to thy Father's Fierceness.  
 Reduc'd, at last, to these Extreams of Torture,  
 That I must be, or infamous, or wretched,  
 I sav'd my Honour, and resign'd to Ruin.  
 Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,  
 But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,  
 And told my Heart, none but the Brave deserv'd thee.  
 Now having thus discharg'd my Honour's Debt,  
 And wash'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,  
 What yet remains of Life, is due to Love.  
 Behold the Wretch, whose Honour's fatal Fame,  
 Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace;  
 Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,  
 Prepar'd to bleed! and bending to the Blow.

*Xim.* O *Carlos*! I must take thee at thy Word,  
 But must, with equal Justice too, discharge  
 My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.  
 O think not, tho' enforc'd to these Extreams,  
 My Heart is yet insensible to thee!  
 O! I must thank thee for thy painful Pause;  
 The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,  
 When at my Father's Feet my Suff'rings threw thee.  
 Can I present thee in that dear Confusion,  
 And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee?  
 I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon;  
 Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own;  
 My filial Piety, like thine distress'd,  
 Compels me to be miserably just,  
 And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame:  
 Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail,  
 But that thy nobler Soul assures my Heart,  
 Thou wouldst despise the Passion that cou'd save thee.

*Car.* Since I must die, let that kind Hand destroy me,  
 Let not the Wretch, once honour'd with thy Love,  
 Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,  
 Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Justice;  
 To draw the irksome Pity of a Crowd,  
 Who may, with vulgar Reason call thee cruel.

My

My Death, from thee, will elevate thy Vengeance,  
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance.

Xim. Shall I then take Assistance? and from thee?  
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Despair?

No! Carlos! No!

I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,  
But to the Course of Justice trust my Duty,  
Which shall, in every Part, untainted flow;  
Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,  
And from its own pure Fountain raise my Glory.

Car. O can my Death, with Shame, advance that Glory?  
Can I do more than perish to appease thee?  
Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?

Xim. Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?  
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love,  
Than that I trust my Vengeance with thy Honour?  
Art not thou now within my Power to seize?  
Yet I'll release thee Carlos, on thy Word,  
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon,  
Before the King in Person thou wilt answer,  
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

Car. Oh! thou hast found the way to fix my Ruin!  
It must be so, thou shalt have ample Vengeance.  
Pursu'd by thee, my Life's not worth the saving;  
Be then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,  
That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate—  
But must we part, Ximena, like sworn Foes?  
Has Love no Sense of all its perish'd Hopes?  
Dismiss my Miseries, at least, with Pity:  
May I not breathe upon this injur'd Bosom  
One Parting Sigh to ease my wounded Soul,  
And loose the Anguish of a broken Heart?

Xim. Support me Heaven—we meet again to-morrow.

Car. To-morrow, we must meet like Enemies,  
Thy piercing Eyes, relent less in Revenge,  
And all the Softness of thy Heart forgotten;  
This only moment is our Life of Love.  
O take not from this little Interval,  
The poor expiring Comfort that is left me. [Xim. weeps.  
My Heart's confounded with thy soft Compassion,

And

And doats upon the Vertue that destroys me.

Xim. O! I shall have the Start of thee in Woe ;  
 Thou canst but fall for her thou lov'st ; but what  
 Must she endure that loves thee — and destroys thee ?  
 Yet, *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,  
 That if the Hand of Justice shou'd o'ertake thee,  
 Thy mournful Urn shall hold *Ximena's* Ashes.

Car. O Miracle of Love !

Xim. O mortal Sorrow !

But haste, O leave me while my Heart's resolv'd.  
 Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, lest thou taint my Fame ;  
 Lest, in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul,  
 I tell thee, tho' I prosecute thy Fate,  
 My secret Wish is, that my Cause may fail me.

Car. O Spirit of Compassion ! O *Ximena* !  
 What Pangs and Ruin have our Parents cost us ?

Farewel, thou Treasure of my Soul, O stay !  
 Take not at once my short-liv'd Joys away ;  
 While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,]  
 Let my Distresses to Extremes arise,  
 Thy Victim's now secure ; for thus to part,  
 I sake thy Vengeance with a broken Heart.

[Exeunt.

Enter Alvarez, with Noblemen, Officers, and others.

1st Nob. These few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,  
 In half an Hour Don *Henrique de las Torres*,  
 With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cause,  
 Resolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you :  
 Since the just Quarrel of your House must live,  
 Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is pursu'd,  
 The Race of *Gormaz* shall attend his Ashes.

Alv. My Lord, this Mark of your exalted Honour  
 Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendship ;  
 Tho' I still hope the Mercy of the King  
 Will spare the Criminal, whose Guilt is Honour.  
 The Service I have done the State has found  
 A bounteous Master always to reward it.  
 Nor am I yet so wedded to my Rest,  
 But that I still can, on Occasion, break it,  
 The Moors are anchor'd now within the River,  
 And, as I'm told, near landing to insult us —

Wherefore

Wherefore I would entreat you, at this time,  
To wave my private Danger for the Publick,  
Since Chance has form'd us to so brave a Body,  
Let us not part inactive in our Honour ;  
Let's seize this glad Occasion of th' Alarm,  
Let's chase these Robbers in our King's Defence,  
And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.

1st Nob. Alvarez may command us, who is still  
Himself, and owns no Caule unmix'd with Honour.

Alv. How now ! the News. [Enter a Servant, who  
Just enter'd, and alone ! whispers Alvarez.  
O Heaven ! my Prayers are heard ! my noble Friends,  
Something to our present Purpose has occurr'd ;  
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,  
Where you will find a treble Number of  
Our Forces assembl'd on the like Occasion ;  
My self will in a Moment bring you News,  
That will confirm, and animate our Hopes. [Exeunt Nob.

Enter Carlos.

My Carlos ! O do I live once more t' embrace thee,  
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame !  
Nor think, my Champion, that my Joys thus wild,  
For that thou only hast reveng'd my Honour,  
(Tho' that's a Thought might bless me in the Grave)  
No, no, my Son, for thee am I transported ;  
Alas ! I am too sensible what Pains  
Thy Heart must feel from Anguish of thy Love ;  
And had I not new Hopes that will support thee,  
Some present Prospect of thy Pain's Relief,  
My Sense of thy Afflictions would destroy me.

Car. What means this kind Compassion of my Griets ?  
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine ?  
O, Sir, you are so tenderly a Father.  
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty :  
Be not however jealous of my Fame,  
If yet I mix your Transports with a Sigh,  
For ruin'd Love, and for the lost Ximena :  
For since I drag, with my Despair, my Chain,  
Her fated Vengeance only can relieve me.

Alv. No more depress thy Spirit with Dispair,

While

While Glory and thy Country's Cause should wake it;  
 The Moors not yet expected, are arriv'd,  
 The Tide, and silent Darkness of the Night  
 Lands, in an Hour, their Forces at our Gates :  
 The Court's dismay'd, the People in Alarm,  
 And loud Confusion fills the frightened Town.  
 But Fortune, e'er this publick Danger reach'd us,  
 Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of Gormaz,  
 Whose Swords resolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,  
 And here without expect thee at their Head.  
 Forward, my Son, their Number's soon may swell,  
 Sustain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe ;  
 And if thy Life's so painful to be born,  
 Lay it at least with Honour in the Dust,  
 Cast it not fruitless from thee ; let thy King  
 First know its Value, e'er his Laws demand it :  
 But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.

*Advance my Son, and let thy Master see,  
 What he has lost in Gormaz, is redeem'd in thee.*

*Car.* Relenting Heav'n at last has found the Means  
 To end my Miseries with guiltless Honour.  
 Why should I live a Burden to my self,  
 A Trouble to my Friends, a Terror to Ximena ?  
 Not all the Force of Mercy or of Merit,  
 Can wash a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,  
 Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.  
 Yet I'll not think her Duty so severe,  
 But that to see me fall my Country's Victim  
 Wou'd please her Passion, tho' it shock'd her Vengeance ;  
 It must be so — Dying with Honour, I  
 Discharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover.  
 O ! when this mangled Body shall be found  
 A bare and undistinguish'd Carcass 'midst the Slain,  
 Will she not weep in pity of my Wounds,  
 And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation ?

*Her Duty then may, with a secret Tear,  
 Confess her Vengeance great, and glorious my Despair.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Belzara alone.

*Bel.* VICTORIOUS Carlos, now resume thy Hopes,  
Demand thy Life, and silence thy Ximena:  
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if she alone  
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd:  
But see, she comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,  
To prosecute this Darling of the People,  
And damp, with ill-tim'd Griefs, the publick Joy.

Enter Ximena in Mourning, attended.

Ximena! Oh! I more than ever now  
Deplore the hard Afflictions that pursue thee;  
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,  
Art thou the only Object of Despair?  
Is this a time to prosecute thy Cause,  
When publick Gratitude is bound t' oppose thee?  
When on the Head of Carlos, which thy Griefs  
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?  
The Moors repuls'd, his Country sav'd from Rapine,  
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,  
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice  
To lift this eccho'd Praises to the Heavens.

Xim. Is't possible? Are all these Wonders true?  
Am I the only Mark of his Misdoing?  
Cou'd then his fatal Sword transpierce my Father,  
Yer save a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?  
Still as I pass, the publick Voice extols  
His glorious Deeds, regardless of my Wrongs;  
The Eye of Pity, that but Yesternight  
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cause,  
Now turns away, retracting its Compassion,  
And speaks the general Grudge at my complaining.  
But there's a King, whose sacred Word's his Law;  
Supported by that Hope, I still must on,  
Nor till by him rejected, can be silent.

E

*Bel.*

*Bel.* Your Duty should recede, when publick Good  
Must suffer in the Life your Cause pursues.

*Xim.* But can it be? Was it to *Carlos'* Sword  
The Nation thus transported, owes its Safety?  
O let me taste the Pleasure and the Pain!  
Tell me, *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory;  
O let me surfeit on the guilty Joy!  
Delight my Passion, and torment my Virtue.

*Bel.* *Alonzo*, who was present, will inform us.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alonzo*, if your Busines will permit.

*Alon.* The Abbot, at whose House Count Gor-  
maz lies, }  
Has sent in haste to speak with me; I guess, }  
To fix the Order of his Funeral. } Belz,

*Bel.* Spare us at least a Moment from th' Occasion,  
*Ximena* has not yet been fully told  
The Action of our late Deliverance;  
The Fame of *Carlos* may compose her Sorrows.

*Alon.* Permit the Action then to praise it self;  
Late in the Night at Lord *Alvarez'* House,  
Five hundred Friends were gather'd in his Cause,  
To oppose the Vengeance that pursu'd his Son;  
But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,  
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, preferr'd  
The publick Safety to their private Honour,  
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainst the Moors.  
This brave Example, e'er they reach'd the Harbour,  
Increas'd their Numbers to Three Thousand strong.

*Bel.* Where the Moors landed e'er you reach'd the Port?

*Alon.* Not till some Hours after; when we arriv'd,  
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,  
And *Carlos* foremost to confront the Foe:  
The Moors not yet in view, he order'd first  
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie  
Conceal'd i'th' Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;  
The rest, whose Numbers every Moment swell'd,  
Halted with *Carlos* on the Shore, impatient,  
And silent on their Arms reposing, pass'd  
The still Remainder of the wasting Night:

At

At length the Brightness of the Moon presents  
Near twenty Sail approaching with the Tide;  
Our Order still observ'd, we let them pass;  
Not at the Port, or Walls, a Man was seen.  
This Deadness of our Silence wings their Hopes  
To seize th' Occasion, and surprize us sleeping;  
And now they disembark, and meet their Fate:  
For at the Instant they were half on Shore,  
Up rose the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd,  
And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their Huzzas,  
Which *Carlos* echo'd from his Force on Shore:  
At this, amaz'd Confusion seiz'd their Troops,  
And e'er their Chiefs could form them to resist,  
We press'd them on the Water, drove them on  
The Land; then fir'd their Ships to stop their Flight:  
Howe'er at length their Leaders bravely rallying,  
Recover'd them to order, and a while  
Sustain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury:  
But, when their burning Ships began to flame,  
The dreadful Blaze, presenting to their View,  
(Their slaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,  
For O! he fought, as if to die were Victory)  
Their fruitless Courage then resign'd their Hopes;  
And now their wounded King, despairing, call'd  
Aloud, and hail'd our General to surrender,  
Whom *Carlos* answering, receiv'd his Prisoner:  
At this the rest had, on Submission, Quarter;  
Our Trumpets sound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory:  
While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,  
Whose Heart, transported at the Royal Prize,  
Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,  
Where now he's pleading for his Son's Distress,  
And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [Exit.

Xim. Too much! it is too much, relentless Heav'n!  
Th' Oppression's greater than my Soul can bear!  
O wounding Virtue! O my tortur'd Heart!  
Art only thou forbidden to applaud him?  
Cannot a Nation sav'd appease thy Vengeance?  
Why! why, just Heaven! are his Deeds so glorious,  
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?

*Bel.* Compose, *Ximena*, thy Disorder, see  
The King approacheth, smiling on *Alvarez*,  
Whose Heart o'erflowing, gushes at his Eyes,  
And speaks his Plea too strong for thy Complaint.

*Xim.* Then sleep, my Love, and Virtue arm t' oppose  
Let me look backward on his fatal Honour, [him.  
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,  
These woful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,  
That thro' my Father's Life purst'd his Fattie,  
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan :  
O broken Spirit ! wouldst thou spare him now,  
Think on thy Father's Blood ! exert the Daughter,  
Suppress thy Passion, and demand thy Victim.

*Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, &c.*

*King.* Dismiss thy Fears, my Friend, and man thy Heart,  
For while his Actions are above Reward,  
Mercy's of course included in the Debt ;  
Our ablest Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit,  
Our Subjects rescu'd from so fierce a Foe,  
The Moors defeated, e'er the rude Alarm  
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,  
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fix'd,  
Are Actions that secure Acknowledgment.

*Alv.* My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank  
you.

*Enter Garcia.*

*Gar.* Don *Carlos*, Sir, without attends your Pleasure,  
And comes surrender'd, as his Word engag'd,  
To answer the Appeal of fair *Ximena*.

*King.* Attend him to our Presence.

*Xim.* O my Heart !

*King.* *Ximena*, with Compassion we shall hear thee,  
But must not have thy Griefs arraign our Justice,  
If in his Judge thou find'st an Advocate :  
Not less his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.

*Xim.* O fainting Cause ! but thus my Griefs demand him.

[Kneeling.

[While the King raises *Ximena*, enter *Alonzo*, and  
whispers *Alvarez*.

*Alv.* This Instant, say'st thou ? Can I leave my Son ?

*Alon.*

## The HEROICK DAUGHTER. 69

*Alon.* The Matter's more important than your Stay;  
Make haste, my Lord.

*Alv.* What can thy Transport mean?  
Be plain.

*Alon.* We have no Time to lose in Words;  
Away, I say.

*Alv.* Lead on, and ease my Wonder. [Exeunt.

Enter Carlos, and kneels to the King.

*King.* O rise, my Warrior, raise thee to my Breast,  
And in thy Master's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.

*Car.* These Honours, Sir, to any Sense but mine,  
Might lift its Transports to Ambition's Height;  
But while Ximena's Sorrows press my Heart,  
Forgive me, if despairing of Repose,  
I taste no Comfort in the Life she seeks,  
And urge the Issue of her Grief's Appeal.

*King.* Ximena, 'tis most true, has lost a Father,  
But thou hast sav'd her Country from its Fate,  
And the same Virtue, that demands thy Life,  
Owes more than Pardon to the Publick Weal.

*Xim.* My Royal Lord! vouchsafe my Griefs a Hearing;  
O think not, Sir, because my Spirits faint,  
That the firm Conscience of my Duty staggers.  
The Criminal, I charge, has kill'd my Father:  
And tho' his Valour has preserv'd the State,  
Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me,  
Therefore, with Ease, may pardon what they feel not.  
As he has sav'd a Nation from its Foes,  
The Thanks that Nation owes him, are but just,  
And I must join the general Voice t'applaud him:  
But all the Tribute, that my Heart can spare him,  
Is Tears of Pity; while my Wrongs pursue him,  
What more than Pity can those Wrongs afford?  
What less than Justice can my Duty ask?  
If publick Obligations must be paid him,  
Let every single Heart give equal Share:  
(*Carlos has prov'd, that mine is not ungrateful*)  
But must my Duty yield such Disproportion?  
Must on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,  
And my whole Ruin pay the publick Thanks?

If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,  
 Is it less due, because his Fame's grown greater?  
 Shall Virtue, that shou'd guard, insult your Laws,  
 And tolerate our Passions to infringe 'em?  
 If to defend the Publick, may excuse  
 A private Wrong, how is the Publick safe?  
 How is the Nation from a Foe preserv'd,  
 If every Subject's Life is at his mercy?  
 My Duty, Sir, has spoken, and kneels for Judgment.

*Car.* O noble Spirit, how thou charm'st my Sense,  
 And giv'st my Heart a Pleasure in my Ruin! [Apart.]

*King.* Raise thee, *Ximena*, and compose thy Thoughts,  
 As thou to *Carlos'* Deeds hast spoke impartial,  
 So to thy Virtue, that pursues him, we  
 Must give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder:  
 But we have now our Duty to Discharge,  
 Which far from blaming, shall exalt thy own.  
 If thy chaste Fame, which we confess sublime,  
 Compels thy Duty to suppress thy Love,  
 To raise yet higher than thy matchless Glory,  
 Prefer thy Native Country to them both,  
 And to the Publick Tears resign thy Victim:  
 Where a whole People owe their Preservation,  
 Shall private Justice do a publick Wrong,  
 And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow?

*Xim.* Is then my Cause the Publick's Victim?

*King.* No.

We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Relentment,  
 And rather would compose than silence it:  
 For it our Arguments seem yet too weak  
 To guard thy Virtue from the least Reproach,  
 Behold the generous Sanctio[n] that protects it,  
 Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,  
 And with his dying Hand assigns thy Beauties.

*Xim.* My Father's Pardon!

*King.* Read, and raise thy Wonder.

*Xim.* (Reads) 'Alvarez wrong'd me in my Master's Fa-  
 Carlos is Brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena*.' [your,

*Car.* O Soul of Honour! now lamented Victory!

*King.* Now, fair *Ximena*, now resume thy Peace,

Re-

Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,  
And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.

Xim. All-gracious Heav'n! have my swoln Eyes their  
Sense?

D.San. O tottering Hope! but I have yet a Thought,  
That will compel her Vertue to pursue him.

Xim. Why did you shew me, Sir, this wounding Good-  
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave, [ness?  
Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take:  
Honour unquestion'd may forgive a Foe,  
But who'll not doubt it when it spares a Lover?  
If you propos'd to mitigate my Griefs,  
You shou'd have hid this cruel Obligation;  
Why wou'd you set such Vertues in my View,  
And make the Father dearer than the Lover?

King. Since with such Rigour thou pursu'st thy Ven-  
And what we meant shou'd pacify, provokes it, [geance,  
Attend submissive to our last Resolve:  
For since thy Honour's so severely strict,  
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,  
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover;  
Give thee the Glory of his Live pursu'd,  
And seal his Pardon to reward thy Vertue.

Xim. Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart  
Shou'd impiously insult a Father's Grave,  
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.

D.San. Unnatural Thought! Madam, suppress your Tears,  
Your murder'd Father was my dearest Friend,  
Permit me therefore in your sinking Cause,  
To offer an Expedient may support it.

Xim. Whatever Right or Justice may, I am bound  
In Duty to pursue, and thank your Friendship.

D.San. Thus then to Royal Justice I appeal,  
And in Ximena's Right her Advocate,  
Demand from Carlos your Reverse of Pardon.

King. What means thy Transport?

D.San. Sir, I urge your Laws,  
And since her Duty's forc'd to these Extreams,  
There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,  
A Right which even your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,

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The Right of Combat, which I here demand;  
And ask her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.

*Car.* O Sacred Sir, I cast me at your Feet,  
And beg your Mercy would relieve my Woes;  
Since her firm Duty is inflexible,  
Consign her Victim to the braver Sword.  
Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,  
Or silence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches;  
O nothing is so painful as Suspense,  
This way our Griefs are equally reliev'd,  
Her Duty is discharg'd, your Justice crown'd,  
And Conquest must attend Superior Virtue.

*King.* This barbarous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,  
Has often, against Right, gross Wrongs supported,  
And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;  
Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more  
T' oppose its Force, than in our Care for *Carlos*:  
But since his Peace depends upon his Love,  
And cruel Love insists upon its Right,  
We'll trust his Vertues to the Chance of Combat,  
And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.

*Xim.* What unforeseen Calamities surround me?

*King.* *Ximena!* now no more complain, we grant  
Thy Suit: But where's this Champion of thy Cause,  
Whose Appetite of Honour is so keen,  
As to confront in Arms this laurell'd Brow,  
And dare the shining Terrors of his Sword?

*D.San.* Behold th' Assailant of this glorious Hero!  
Your Leave, Dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [Draws.

*Bel.* Hold Heart, and spare me from the publick Shame.

[Aside.]

*D.San.* *Carlos*, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,  
Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz'* Blood,  
Who calls thee Traytor to thy injur'd Love,  
Ungrateful to the Sighs that pity'd thee,  
And proudly partial to thy Father's Falshood:  
These Crimes my Sword shall prove upon thy Heart,  
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.

*Car.* Open the Lists, and give the Assailant room,  
There on his Life my injur'd Sword shall prove,  
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour: First,

First, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,  
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traitor's Name,  
Will wash th' Imputation with thy Blood;  
And prove thy Vertue false as is thy Spirit:  
For not *Ximena*'s Cause, but Charms, have fir'd thee,  
Vainly thou steal'st thy Courage from her Eyes,  
And basely stain'st the Vertue that subdu'd her.

D. San. O that thy Fame in Arms—

King. *Sanchez*, forbear—

'Tis not your Tongues must arbitrate your Strife,  
Let in the Lists your Vaunting's be approv'd.  
Whose Arm, *Ximena*, shall defend your Cause?

*Xim.* O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.

D. San. My Word's my Gage.

King. 'Tis well; the Lists are set—  
Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,  
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.

*Car.* The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd;  
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suspense,  
And let this Instant Hour decide our Fate.

D. San. This Moment, Sir—I join in that with *Carlos*.

King. Since both thus pres' it, be it now decided:  
*Carlos* be ready at the Trumpet's Call;  
You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct  
The Victor to our Prefence—Now, *Ximena*,  
As thou art just or cruel in thy Duty,  
Expect the Issue will reward or grieve thee:  
*Sanchez*, set forward—*Carlos*, we allow  
Thy pity'd Love a Moment with *Ximena*.

[Exit King and Train.

D. San. A fruitless Moment, that must prove his last.

[Exit.

*Car.* *Ximena*! O permit me e'er I die  
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindnes kills me.

*Xim.* Ah *Carlos*! can thy Plaints reproach my Duty?  
Nay, art thou more than *Sanchez* is, in Danger?

*Car.* Art thou more injur'd than thy hapless Father?  
Whose greater Heart forgave my Sense of Honour?  
Thou canst not think I speak regarding Life,  
Which hopeless of thy Love's not worth my Care;

But

But Oh ! it strikes me with the last Despair,  
 To think that lov'd *Ximena's* Heart had less  
 Compassion than my mortal Enemy ;  
 My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,  
 Had thy relenting Throes of Pity sav'd it :  
 But, as it is pursu'd to these Extreams,  
 Thus made the Victim of superfluous Fame,  
 And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour,  
 These Arms shall open to thy Champion's Sword,  
 And glut the Vengeance, that supports thy Glory.

*Xim.* Hast thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend ? [Trembling.]

*Car.* How can I lose what *Sanchez* cannot gain ?  
 For where's his Honour, where there's no Resistance ?  
 Is it for me to guard *Ximena's* Foe,  
 Or turn outrageous on the friendly Breast,  
 Which her distresful Charms have warm'd to right her ?

*Xim.* O cruel *Carlos* ! thus to rack my Heart  
 With hard Reproaches, that thou know'ft are groundless :  
 Why dost thou talk thus cruelly of Death,  
 And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before ?  
 What tho' my Force of Duty has pursu'd thee ?  
 Hast thou not left thy Courage to defend thee ?  
 O ! is thy Quarrel to our Race reiy'd,  
 Could'st thou, to right thy Honour, kill my Father ?  
 And now not guard it to destroy *Ximena* ?

*Car.* O heav'ly Sound ! O Joy unfelt before !

*Xim.* O ! Is my Duty then not thought compulsive ?  
 Can'st thou believe I'm pleas'd while I pursue thee ?  
 Or think'st thou I'm not pleas'd the King preserv'd thee ?  
 And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance ?  
 O if thou knew'st what Transports fill'd my Heart,  
 When first I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,  
 Thy Love wou'd feel Confusion for my Shame,  
 And scarce forgive the Passion thou reproach'st :  
 O *Carlos*, guard thy Life, and save *Ximena* !

*Car.* And save *Ximena* ! O thou hast fir'd my Heart  
 With animated Love, and sav'd thy *Carlos* —

[Sound Trumpets.]

But hark the Trumpet calls me to the List.

*Xim.* May Heaven's high Care, and all its Angels guard  
 thee. *Car.*

*Car.* Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my Sword shall  
*Sanchez*, I come— impatient to chaffise [speak it :  
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal ;  
I might have spar'd thee, had the Rival slept,  
But boldly thus avow'd, thou art worth my Sword—  
'Tis said the Lion, tho' distress'd for Food,  
Espyng on the Turf the Huntsman sleeping,  
Restraints his Hunger, and forbears the Prey :  
But when his rouzing Foe, alarm'd and ready,  
Uplifts his Javelin brandish'd to assaile him,  
The generous Savage then erects his Crest,  
Grinds his sharp Fangs, and, with fierce Eyes inflam'd,  
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,  
Furious, uprearing, rushes on the Game,  
And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [Exit.

*Xim.* O glorious Spirit ! O hard-fated Virtue !  
With what Reluctance has my Heart pursu'd thee ?

*Bel.* Was ever Breast, like mine, with Woe divided ?  
I fear the Dangers of the faithless *Sanchez*,  
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Success :  
Shou'd *Carlos* fall— What stops him from *Ximena* ?  
Keep down my Sighs, or seem to rise for her.

*Xim.* Tell me, *Belzara*, was my Terror blameful ?  
Might not his Passion make my Heart relent,  
And feel, at such a Time, a Pang to save him ?

*Bel.* So far was your Compassion from a Crime,  
That 'tis th' exalted Merit of your Duty ;  
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,  
Where were the Virtue, that your Griefs pursu'd him ?  
Were it no Pain to lose him, where the Glory ?  
The Sacrifice that's great, must first be dear ;  
The more you love, the nobler is your Victim.

*Xim.* Thy partial Friendship sees not sure my Fault,  
I doubt my youthful Ignorance has err'd,  
And the strict Matron, rigidly severe,  
May blame this Weakness of my Woman's Heart :  
But let her feel my Tryal first, and if  
She blames me then, I will repent the Crime.

[Sound Trumpet at a Distance.

Hark ! hark ! the Trumpet ! O tremendous Sound !

*Belzara* !

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*Belzara!* O the Combat is begun,  
The agonizing Terror shakes my Soul,  
Help me! support me! with thy friendly Comforts;  
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,  
And warm my Wishes in his Champion's Favour.—  
Oh Heav'n! it will not, will not be! my Heart  
Rebels, and, spite of me, inclines to *Carlos*,  
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father;  
Now he attacks him, presses, now retreats;  
Again recovers, and resumes his Fire;  
Now grows too strong, and is at last triumphant!

*Bel.* Restrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Constancy,  
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,  
Thy Virtue must be Providence's Care.

*Xim.* O guard me, Heav'n— Help me to support it!  
ah! [Trumpets and Shouts.]

'Tis done, those dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;  
If *Carlos* conquers, still I've lost a Father;  
And if he perishes, then— die *Ximena*.

*Bel.* Conquer who may, no Hope supports *Belzara*.  
Enter *Garcia*.

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?

*Gar.* Madam,  
The King, to shew he disapproves the Custom,  
Forbad his own Domesticks to be present. [Shouts nearer.  
But I presume 'tis done, these Shouts confirm it;  
Hence from this Window, we may guess the Victor.

*Xim.* O tell me quickly, while I've Sense to hear thee.

*Gar.* O Heav'n! 'tis *Sanchez*, I see him, with his Sword,  
In Triumph pressing thro' the Crowd his way.

*Xim.* *Sanchez*! thou'ret sure deceiv'd! O better yet  
Inform thy dazled Eyes.

*Gar.* 'Tis certain he!  
For now he stops, and seems to warn them back;  
The Crowd retires, I see him plain, and now  
He mounts the Steps that lead to this Apartment.

*Xim.* Then fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly fated,  
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,  
And *Carlos*' Fate, without a Crime, be mourn'd:  
*O Sanchez!* if poor *Carlos* told me true,

If

If 'twas thine Love, not Honour, fought my Cause,  
Thy Guilt has purchas'd, with thy Sword, my Scorn,  
And made thy Passion wretched as Ximena.

*Bel.* Oh Heav'n support her nobler Resolution—  
But see he comes to meet the Disappointment.

*Enter Don Sanchez, and lays his Sword at Ximena's Feet.*

*D. San.* Madam, this Sword that in your Cause was  
drawn—

*Xim.* Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills Ximena.

*D. San.* I come to mitigate your Griefs.

*Xim.* Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight;  
O thou hast given me, for Revenge, Despair,  
Hast ravish'd with thy murderous Arm my Peace,  
And robb'd my Wishes of their dearest Object.

*D. San.* Hear me but speak.

*Xim.* Can't thou suppose 'twill please me,  
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,  
Vaunt thy vain Prowess, and reproach my Sorrows?

*D. San.* Those Sorrows, wou'd you hear my Story—

*Xim.* Hence;  
To Regions distant, as thy Soul from Joy,  
Fly, and in gloomy Horrors waste thy Life:  
Remorse, and pale Affliction wait thee to  
Thy Rest, Repose forsake thee, frightful Dreams  
Alarm thy Sleeps, and, in thy waking Hours,  
May Woes, like mine, pursue thy Steps for ever.

*Enter King.*

*King.* What, still in Tears, Ximena! still complaining?  
Cannot thy Duty's full Discharge content thee?  
Repin'st thou at the Act of Providence?  
And think'st thy Cause still wrong'd in Heaven's Decree?

*Xim.* O far, Sir, from my Soul be such a Thought,  
I bow submissive to high Heaven's Appointment,  
But is Affliction impious in its Sorrows?  
Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,  
Is it less glorious, that I priz'd the Victim?  
Has Nature lost its Privilege to weep,  
When all that's valuable in Life is gone?  
O *Carlos!* *Carlos!* I shall soon be with thee.

*King.* Are then these Tears for *Carlos*—O Ximena!

The

The vanquish'd *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grie.,  
And made this Tryal of thy generous Heart,  
For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives to adore thee.

*Xim.* What means my Royal Lord?

*King.* Inform her, *Sanchez*.

*D. San.* The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,  
Had, Sir, her Fright endur'd my Speech;  
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd  
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos*,  
How nobly, for your sake, he spar'd your Champion;  
When on the Earth succumbent, and disarm'd,  
I lay: 'Live, *Sanchez*, said the generous Victor,  
• The Life that fights *Ximena's* Cause, is Sacred;  
• Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet present  
• The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,  
• The last Oblation, that Despair can make her.'  
Touch'd with the noble Fullness of his Heart,  
I flew to execute the grateful Charge;  
But, Madam, your Affright mistook the Victor,  
And your impatient Griefs refus'd me Audience.

*King.* Now think, *Ximena*, one Moment think for  
*Carlos*!

*Xim.* O Love! O persecuted Heart!  
Instruct me, Heaven, to support my Fame,  
To right my Passion, and revere my Father.

*D. San.* And now, with just Confusion, Sir, I own  
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;  
But since th' Event has crown'd a nobler Passion,  
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,  
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

*King. Sanchez,* thy Crime is punish'd in it self.  
We late have heard of thy retracted Vows,  
Which on thy strict Allegiance we enjoin  
Thy Honour, instantly to ratify:  
Suppress thy Tears, *Belzara*, he shall right thee.

*Xim.* 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,  
And shews my ruin'd Peace its last Resource.

*Gar.* Don *Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleasure.

*King.* Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?

*Xim.* O, Sir! yet hold, I dare not see him now,

While

While my depending Justice was my Guard,  
I saw him fearless from Assaults of Love:  
But now my vanquish'd Vengeance dreads his Merit,  
And conscious Duty warms me to avoid him;  
Since then my Heart's impartial to his Vertues,  
O do not call me cruel to his Love,  
If I, in Reverence to a Father's Blood,  
Shou'd shut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;  
For tho' you raise above Mankind his Merit,  
And I confess it— still he has kill'd my Father—  
Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,  
Yet twou'd in me be impious to reward it;  
My Eyes may mourn, but never must behold him more:  
Yet e'er I part, let, Sir, my humblest Sense  
Applaud your Mercy, and confess your Justice:  
Hence to some Sacred Cloister I'll retire,  
And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n—

'Tis done— O lead me to my peaceful Cell,  
One Sigh for Carlos— now vain World farewell.

[As Ximena is going off,

Enter Alvarez and Aionzo.

*Alv.* Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear  
A Story will distract thy Sense with Joy,  
Drive all thy Sorrows from thy sinking Heart,  
And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.  
Pardon, dread Sir! this Tumult of my Soul,  
That carries in my Rudeness my Excuse;  
O press me not to tell Particulars!  
But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds  
Of your Belief, and, in one Burst of Joy,  
Inform my Royal Master, that his Crown's Support,  
My vanquish'd Friend, the Father *Gormaz*, lives;  
He lives in Health confirm'd from mortal Danger,  
These Eyes have seen him, these blest Arms embrac'd him.  
The Means, th' Occasion of his Death suppos'd,  
Would ask more Words than I have Breath to utter,  
*Alonzo* knows it all— O where's my *Carlos*!

*King.* Fly, *Sanchez*! make him, with his News, thy  
Friend.

*Alv.*

## So The HEROICK DAUGHTER.

*Alv.* O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief—

[Exeunt.]

*Xim.* O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not sure deserve me.

*King.* Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the whole;  
Whence was his Death so firmly credited,  
And his Recovery not before reveal'd?

*Alon.* My Liege, the great Effusion of his Blood  
Had such Effect on his deserted Spirits,  
That I, who saw him, judg'd him quite expir'd :  
But when the Abbot, at whose Houfe he lay,  
With friendly Sorrow wash'd his hopeless Wound,  
His heaving Breast discover'd Life's Return ;  
When calling strait for Help, on stricter Search,  
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom :  
And when his Senses had return'd their Function,  
His first Words spoke his generous Heart's Concern  
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told  
How far her filial Vengeance had purfu'd him,  
Is't possible? he cry'd, Oh Heav'n! then wept,  
And begg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,  
That such exalted Merit of her Duty  
Might raise her Vertue worthy of his Love :  
But, Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,  
What generous Reconcilements pass'd between them,  
Wou'd ask more Time than publick Joy cou'd spare.  
Let it suffice, the Moment he had heard  
*Ximena* had appell'd brave *Carlos* to the Lists,  
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living—  
But, Sir, so soon the Combat follow'd your  
Decree, that, breathless, we arriv'd too late,  
And had not his Physicians, Sir, prescrib'd  
His Wound Repose, himself had ventur'd forth  
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

*King.* Not only Pardon, but our Love shall greet him.  
Brave *Carlos* shall himself be Envoy of  
Our Charge, and gratulate his blest Recovery :  
Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, now t' approach you?

*Xim.* My Senses stagger with tumultuous Joy,  
My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprise,  
And sinking Nature faints beneath the Transport.

Enter

Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, and Carlos.

King. Look up, Ximena, and compleat thy Joy.

Xim. My Carlos! Oh!

Car. Ximena! O my Heart!

Alv. O Carlos! O Ximena! yet suppress

These Transports, till kind Gormaz' Hand confirms them:

First pay your Duty there, haste to his Feet,

And let his Sanctyon consecrate your Love.

King. Lose not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!

Tell him his King congratulates his Health,

And will with Loads of Honour crown his Vertues,

Nor, in his Oritons, let his Heart forget

The Hand of Heav'n, whose providential Care

} Embracing.

*Has order'd All the Innocent to save,  
To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave,*





## E P I L O G U E.

Spoken by XIMENA.

Well, SIRS !

I 'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,  
I 've seen Papa, and have secur'd my Lover :  
And, troth, I 'm wholly on our Author's Side,  
For had (as Corneille made him) Gormaz dy'd,  
My Part had ended as it first begun,  
And left me still unmarry'd, and undone ; }  
Or, what were harder far than both — a Nun.  
The French, for Form indeed, postpones the Wedding,  
But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.  
Time could not tie her Marriage-Knot with Honour,  
The Father's Death still left the Guilt upon her ;  
The Frenchman stops her in that forc'd Regard,  
The bolder Briton weds her in Reward : }  
He knew your Taste wou'd ne'er endure their Billing  
Shou'd be so long deferr'd, when both were willing :  
Your formal Don's of Spain an Age might wait,  
But English Appetites are sharper far.  
'Tis true, this Difference we indeed discover,  
That though like Lions you begin the Lover,  
To do you Right, your Fury soon is over.  
Beside, the Scene thus chang'd, this Moral bears,  
That Vertue never of Relief despairs :  
But while true Love is still in Plays ill-fated,  
No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleasure hate it ; }

Bloodshed

Bloodshed discourages what should delight you,  
And from a Wife what little Rubs will fright you?  
And Virtue, not consider'd in the Bride,  
How soon you yawn and curse the Knot you've ty'd?  
How oft the Nymph, whose pitying Eyes give Quarter,  
Finds, in her Captive, she has caught a Tartar?  
While to her Spouse, that once so high did rate her,  
She kindly gives Ten Thousand Pounds to hate her,  
So, on the other Side, some sighing Swain,  
That languishes in Love whole Years in vain,  
Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her,  
And, in his Hunger, vows he'll eat for ever;  
He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,  
But little thought he could have din'd so soon:  
Is not this true? Speak — Dearys of the Pit,  
Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit?  
For the Instruction therefore of the Free,  
Our Author turns his just Catastrophe:  
Before you wed, let Love be understood,  
Refine your Thoughts, and chase it from the Blood;  
Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair,  
For when that Circle holds the British Fair,  
Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.

F I N I S.

•SSG•

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